

The Listener

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No Needless Noise!

By LORD HORDER OF ASHFORD

Lord Horder is Chairman of the Anti-Noise League

I HOPE that many of you, like myself, are enjoying the disappearance for 7½ hours during the night of the chief noise that prevents sleep in a large city. Now that we have begun to tackle this nuisance seriously, let us go on with it. For noise is not only very bad for the temper of the average adult, all doctors agree that it is very bad for his health.

Now we can't assert, on evidence, that noise directly produces organic disease. Still less can we prove statistically that there is a mortality due to noise. If the death certificate of one or two Cabinet Ministers stated, in bald words, that they died from noise, this would be glorious propaganda for the Anti-Noise League. As it is, the League must depend upon less dramatic forms of support. But doctors are definitely convinced that noise wears down the human nervous system, so that both the natural resistance to disease, and the natural power of recovery from disease, are lowered. In this way noise puts health in jeopardy, and most intelligent folk can understand this from the effect of it upon themselves.

But some people say that our nerves are so flexible, and have got such great reserves of energy, that they can adapt themselves without difficulty to noise, however devastating, as they can to a lot of other irritants. It is true that our nerves have got this power of adjustment. If they hadn't we couldn't stand up to the conditions of modern life without becoming hopeless neurasthenics. All the

more reason for not making this unnecessary demand upon us. We don't gain in any way, either on grounds of health, or the enjoyment of life, so it is sheer waste of good stuff to have to make this particular adjustment.

It is also said that the folk who find noise so intolerable are hypersensitive or even neurotic. Well, the nervous person is certainly the one who is hurt by it most. But it isn't he only who suffers. Noise jars and fatigues, by constant tension, the nerves of the normal citizen, too. It dislocates the sequence of his thoughts and lessens and makes of poorer quality his output of work. This is the penalty he pays by day; and at night his sleep is broken and restless. That is what is happening to you and me, whether we are aware of it or not. You and I, normal, level-headed persons, suffer more than we think.

And it is not merely the loudness of a noise that tells; there is a suddenness and a discordance, and, more subtle, a feeling of the needlessness and preventability of certain noises that offends the mind. We can stand the blended sounds of traffic when these make a general hum, but if, on top of this, an unsilenced car or motor-cycle accelerates down the street, not only our sense of hearing, but our sense of justice is outraged.

We are told that it is natural for the very young to be noisy, and that it is unkind to suppress them. I don't think any of us want to put a ban upon the fullest use of the lungs, or upon the loudest and shrillest toys that

human ingenuity can invent, in the nursery or in the playing fields. It is pleasant to play the fool, and also to make an unholy din, in the proper place. If we find that the suppression of needless noise has a bad effect upon a considerable section of the grown-up part of the community, we can institute a national park with cheap trains and 'buses to and fro, where these primitive and immature citizens may be let loose, to yell and make other noises to their hearts' content. The place should be big enough to hold a motor track, so that young gentlemen with Marcelle waves can roar their sports models, cut-out and all, from standing to any pace they please in record time.

This business of noise is one more example of the conflict between man and the machines that he has made. Is he going to be 'done in' by the machines, or is he going to control them? Science has made us noisy, but science has also given us remedies to subdue noise—if we will use them.

Some important steps have already been taken. An amendment to the Road Traffic Act will shortly make the sale of unsilenced motor vehicles illegal, and it is very satisfactory, too, to know that so august a body as the British Association has been discussing certain noises and the means for abating them. It has been shown that building operations can be undertaken almost as noiselessly as the Jewish Temple, and with no more, or very little more, expense than in the usual distracting fashion.

Road-making is not so noisy as it was, but road-breaking still takes a terrible toll of our nerve energy, and I fear is likely to do so, since the Minister of Transport tells me that the prospect of muffling the pneumatic drill in the near future is not rosy. Well, must we have the pneumatic drill? Is there no other way of breaking up concrete surface? We shall see.

The demonstration the other day of the silencing of aircraft was encouraging. While no one wants to handicap a new and vital industry, it doesn't seem unreasonable to put a ban upon so much low flying.

Then there is our neighbour's wireless—a very sore point with many. Much of the trouble could be avoided by the use of earphones between certain hours, and it should not be necessary to make this practice compulsory: For needless noise will never be got rid of by Acts of Parliament or by science alone. There are a lot of stupid noises that don't require either of these; rattling milk churns, grinding tramcars, barking dogs, banging doors and a dozen other nuisances. What is wanted is a general recognition of the fact that preventable noise is a form of selfishness and a lack of thought for the comfort of others.

It is you and I who must eventually decide this matter. Even Mr. Hore-Belisha's beneficent work isn't fool-proof. A friend has just told me how he overheard 'Two quite nice boys discussing the new bye-law, and one said to the other, "it's all right for us, old man, thank goodness we've got a decent exhaust!"' Prevented from hooting by night, some folk seem bent on making a more hideous noise than ever by day. We have now got an instrument for measuring noise so that it will be possible to put a veto upon those sirens advertised as being 'the genuine articles fitted to American Police cars'.

No, not bye-laws only. If we are to succeed in this campaign, we must get into our heads that making a noise is a form of bad manners—one of the things that 'aren't done'. If we can once succeed in breaking out of this prison-house of din, who knows but we may find that greatest of all sources of health as well as happiness—a quiet mind?



One of China's new irrigation schemes: completing the deep cut-off section of the main Wei-Pei canal. To illustrate Dr. Hewlett Johnson's talk on the opposite page

Photograph by the Author

What I Saw in China

By Dr. HEWLETT JOHNSON

The Dean of Canterbury's broadcast impressions of his recent visit to the Far East

IT was the floods, in the first place, which took me to China. They were simply staggering.

Should you travel from Aberdeen southwards through Scotland, through England, through France and into Spain: should you look eastwards as far as the eye could see and the same to the west—that would represent the Yangtse area of the flood of 1931. The river at Hankow, where ocean liners drop anchor 600 miles inland from the sea, in a river a mile wide, rose 53 feet, creating an inland lake 900 miles long by 40 miles wide. There were three such areas. Millions were rendered homeless. Land nearly as large as England was submerged. And a number greater than the entire agricultural population of the U.S.A. was desolated.

The Chinese Government tackled their problem in an admirable way. They summoned the ablest Western brains. Sir John Hope Simpson was chosen, and he and his Chinese colleagues organised the most gigantic relief work that any nation ever faced and have carried it through with singular success. Chinese sources, governmental and voluntary, provided 36 out of the 37 million dollars required. This sum built thousands of miles of dykes. Through the

payment of the coolies it provided maintenance for the starving millions. Day after day and week after week I traversed those dykes, going as Sir John's emissary through all the flooded areas. Picture the whole sea coast of England, Scotland and Wales, girt with a mighty sea wall rising at times to the size of a railway embankment, and you will get some idea of that work of relief.

The patience and industry of the people were admirable: the speed of recovery miraculous. And heroic deeds abounded. The lighthouse men, to take one instance, on 600 miles of Yangtse river stood unflinching at their posts, during the terrible weeks of flood and storm. Clinging to crumbling buildings, or anchored in frail river craft, hungry and shelterless amidst the roar of waters, they guarded their lamps when all else was lost, and led the steamers safely to Hankow. Not a man deserted his post.

Findlay Andrews, the missionary whom the King honoured, and who negotiated the release of Captain Baker from the Reds, as the Communists are called, took me around the Tung Ting Lake. We were in close contact during all this time with Red China. Our launch was scarred with the bullet marks of former attacks. We lived always on the verge of surprise, but escaped unscathed. Communism makes small headway where China is well governed. Nothing but the intolerable

hardships of ill government drives this patient people to revolt. And the hardships exist. Taxes will rise to 60 per cent. of income. They will be levied several years in advance. They are extorted by violence. Repression is cruel and treatment often brutal. I have seen men shot before my eyes, and I heard shocking tales from my friends. At last the people revolt and pass over to the Reds.

The Red area in China is larger in extent than the whole of Germany. It has a population of 80 million people. In the opinion of many—a leading American Consul among them—it is ruled at least as efficiently as Nanking rules. Communism is Nanking's one serious rival. The communication, even of this area, is not yet complete. There are still

land-owning peasants and private factories. But collective farms are developed. Higher wages and an 8-hour day are enforced, and workers' committees are in control at private factories. It is claimed that education is made available for most children.

Findlay Andrews urged a visit to the extreme West, where droughts are common. Drought slays more than flood in China. One million died of drought in Kansu in 1927. No rain fell; no wheat grew; the people starved. Andrews once faced a crowd of 10,000: he had food for 200, and he had to choose who should live and who die.

Lack of roads caused the terrible mortality. There was grain in Eastern China in 1927, but there was no means of transit. So Andrews, by himself, began road construction. The Americans came to his help, and have done splendid work in China. They sent Major Todd, the engineer respon-



The sacred mountain of Hwa Shan

Photograph by the Author

sible for more large-scale Chinese construction than any other engineer, to build roads and construct great irrigation works in Kansu, China's westernmost province, which runs through to Tibet. Todd took me with him, first to Mongolia, then on through the heart of Kansu and into Tibet, a hazardous journey because the tracks are intolerable and bandits abound. Our vehicle was a Dodge truck, laden with ropes, picks, spades, poles and planks, for a rough ride confronts any car in Western China. Tolerable stretches of mud road may



Tibetan priest and Anglican divine. The author at Taerssu, Hsining

radiate from this town or that, but the tracks which connect them traverse deserts, ravines, river beds and gradients of one in three, over mountains six, seven or ten thousand feet high. Petrol consumption averages 5 miles to the gallon. We worked from dawn till dark, ate almost nothing, and slept beneath the sky. Men, mules and oxen helped us over the worst obstacles.

The journey proper began at Tungkwan, where we left the railhead 700 miles from the sea. Soldiers on the massive walls demanded our papers, for travellers are not welcome beyond this point. A rough but tolerable mud road leads to Sian, an ancient capital, beautifully situated in a fertile plain. Mud roads in a dry land give good going to rubber wheels if protected from the native carts. The old track ran awhile beside us and presented an instructive contrast. Struggling in its ten-inch ruts was a cart drawn by mules.

On our smooth new road a coolie drew a ricksha. The loads were identical. Even the man on the new roads rivalled the beasts on the old. It was a glorious land. Pine-fringed mountains dropped abruptly to the plain from summits 6,000 feet high. Clear streams descended in torrents, and flowed out peacefully in irrigation channels through broad fields where slender poplars threw off showers of emerald leaves from silver stems.

Wheat and poppy flourished side by side—opium poppies; poppies of every hue, like tulips in the Netherlands; poppies growing where wheat is needed; poppies growing contrary to law; poppies growing over thousands of acres despite the denials of Nanking.

The cause was apparent enough—the general poverty; the monstrous taxation imposed by military rulers; the absence of transit facilities—all these render almost necessary some poppy crops, for opium is light for value, easily transported by men in a land where roads don't exist, and an opium crop

produces three times the value of wheat. And then the distance from Nanking renders lawlessness easy. But the opium field is a field of death, and my last night in those fields haunts me still.

We had climbed Hwa Shan, the sacred mountain 6,000 feet high, and spent the day with the young Taoist abbot on the summit. Nothing could be more glorious, and a splendid boy of twelve had been our guide. Returning after dark we saw the huddled forms lying in open-fronted temples, bending their parchment-coloured faces over tiny lamps, and we also saw the mother of our young guide, on a couch in a hovel, shrunk to a skeleton, and doping herself to death.

What I had learned before, in the remoter flooded areas, was becoming every day more apparent now. Western ideas, which have caused intellectual, industrial and social ferment near the sea or the river Yangtse, have failed to permeate far inland. The real authority of Nanking only extends to four or five provinces.

In Shanghai, Nanking, Hankow and Peking it is often difficult to realise that one is in China at all. Tramcars grind. Motors hoot. Factories pour forth their crowds. Newspapers abound. The boys and girls play tennis in shorts. Here in the west it is entirely different. This is the China Marco Polo saw, save perhaps a bit out at the heel. Transit is mediæval; life dangerous; agriculture primitive; bandits numerous; temples, buildings, all seem to go to decay. Pigtails are universal. Bound feet persist, though less frequently. The people are curiously superstitious too. One day, for example, a farmer looked up as our truck passed through his field: a handsome fellow whose pigtail and shaven brow gave him an intellectual look. Waiting till we arrived, he sprang in front of the car. I thought he was killed, but he escaped. 'Is the man seeking suicide?' I cried. 'No, no, only trying to get rid of the invisible dragon which he thinks always pursues him'. The totally new vehicle presented a fine opportunity. Dragons would know nothing of motor-cars.

Sian is a lovely city, girt by 16 miles of massive walls, housing some of China's greatest treasures—the Nestorian tablet and grand Tang houses—and unspoilt by western vulgarities, but needing western engineers to utilise the waters of the two lovely rivers which flow so near its walls instead of depending, in the main, on a simple insanitary well for half-a-million people.



Near Ling Pu Chi, where nearly half the flow of the Yellow River is going through a break of a mile wide

Photographs by the Author

We travelled westwards to the King River. In B.C. 240 the Emperor who built the Great Wall of China constructed a huge irrigation works here. In course of time its channel silted up and the river fell below the intake. Successive dynasties renewed the work. And now Todd dams the river, tunnels the mountain, and irrigates 70,000 acres at the cost of £50,000, the local government paying half and the American relief funds the rest. Here as elsewhere in Western China it is the Americans who are doing great things, though an English missionary

indeed started the work in Kansu. For the International Famine Relief Fund is mainly American, and in these parts the American name is welcomed, while the British name is scarcely known. The American, indeed, deserves his recognition. As merchant and philanthropist he excels here. Right in Tibet even we met adventurous Americans in a train of armoured cars with wireless and film-making equipment. They were agents of the Dodge motor works. They kindly wirelessed to Shanghai that I was still alive.

From the King River we proceeded westwards through Kansu and across the uplands. The Kansu farmers here are a sturdy, handsome race. The men shave their foreheads and wear the queue. Women still hobble with bound feet. Their dwellings are mainly excavations in the hard loess sides of the mountains.

Midway to Tibet lay the Liupan Pass, rising 10,000 feet high, the worst obstacle between Central Asia and the coast. We harnessed two oxen and a mule to our car, put it in fourth gear and at last reached the summit. Clouds swept all around us. A train of sixty camels lurched past us in single file along the alpine pathway, looming mysteriously through the mist. Travellers have dreaded this Liupan Pass since the days of Marco Polo, but they need dread it no longer, for above us, and descending in noble sweeps, were the curves of Todd's new road, as fine as any which traverses the Alps. Nowhere does its gradient exceed seven per cent. Man-drawn rickshas can traverse it and cars ascend it on top gear. A ten-mile road has vanquished the terror of ages at a cost of £6,000: China paid £3,000, America the rest. It is hard to imagine a more splendid work than this of the engineers and the missionaries. Its influence on China and China's local governments is of untold value. It teaches the Chinese to develop their own resources and preserves their self-respect. It saves a helpless people from a terrible death.

It is the Todds, the Hope Simpsons, the Findlay Andrews and the Murphys—he is an American architect who is rebuilding Nanking—men who work side by side with the Chinese in all the dirt and turmoil of their struggling life, who place the authentic stamp of the West on the East. They teach. They also learn, for the Chinese as friends have vast riches of character, cultivation and affection to impart. The Todds and the Hope Simpsons send me back to England eager to see our Legation at Nanking where the Chinese Government is struggling with its problems, not in the splendid isolation of Peking 600 miles away.

Todd and his engineers and missionary colleagues take their lives in their hands. In Peking he showed me a letter, which told that the Works Station on the Liupan Pass had been assailed by bandits, with loot and violence. He said, 'we must sleep there'. And we did, where the woodwork around us showed the bullet holes. The banditry which the civilised road will at length banish is not yet subdued. One extraordinary escape we had. Beyond the Liupan Pass we mounted the world's oddest motor road, a fine mud track, absolutely deserted, and switch-backing for sixty miles along a ridge 6,000 feet high, built by Feng, the Christian General, and needing only the graded connections to yield a splendid contribution to the 700 miles of road needed. Darkness made us seek shelter in a lonely mule inn where four roads met. Peasants guarded our

car outside. At midnight dogs barked, horses galloped up, loud voices spoke. Then came the piteous cries of our peasants, followed by banging at the inn gates. We were surrounded by armed bandits. Someone fired a gun. After that silence. Our missionary guide, always cool, had crept out into the dark to reconnoitre. Bandits had seized our car and surrounded the inn. Then came the gun shot. After that sudden fear took them that we were a powerful military ambush, and they galloped off, to loot and torture in the next village.

The missionary who crept out, Tournval, a Swede, took us from Pingliang into Tibet. He is now dead, slain by bandits on the very spot we passed and three weeks after we left him. Horveth, our Russian mechanic, was also killed, and two others with whom I formed connections. These men work on, doing as noble and useful work as any in the world. Every penny spent in this way is a glorious investment. But, alas! this very month I received letters from Todd and Andrews. Their work must stop entirely this October unless England sends promises of help. American resources have reached their limit.

Bandits are a pest, but they do not occupy the whole field. The biggest factor in Kansu is the orderly industrious life of the community at large—farmers at their toil; children at their play; blue-gowned merchants resting their elbows on high shop counters; and the sundry processes of manufacture—clothing, food, carpets, umbrellas—all proceeding in picturesque confusion at open-fronted, windowless shops in narrow, crowded streets—these are the really significant things of Western China. They will outlive bandits and feudal barons alike. They are worthy of our help.

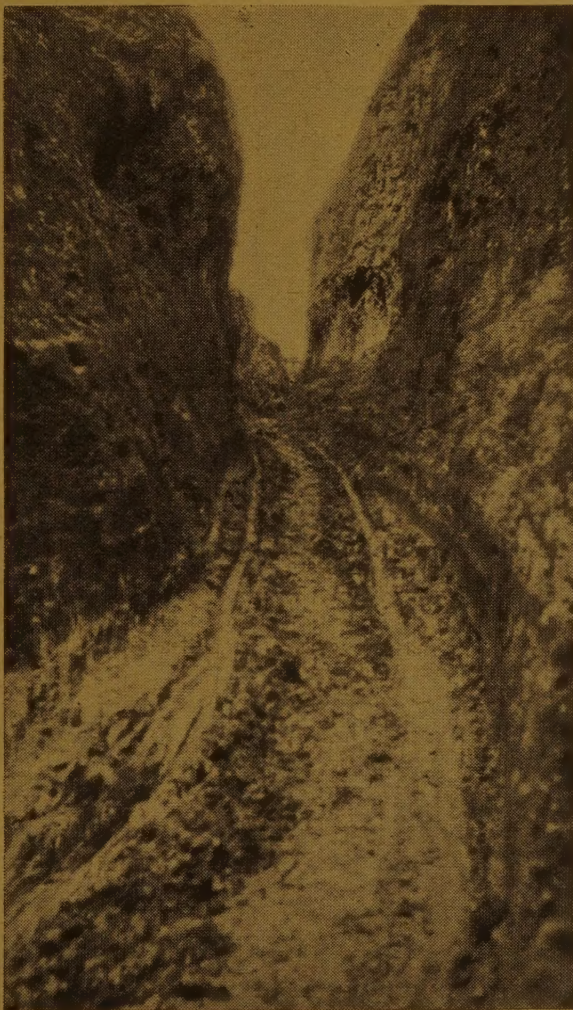
We arrived at Lanchow, the capital of Kansu, with its half-million inhabitants, and as we arrived an aeroplane circled and descended, the first ever seen in the West, sent from Nanking to open up a route. We drove the German pilot to the town. The Governor of Lanchow honoured us with a feast. We learned that £95 out of every £100 of revenue goes to the local army. £5 only is left for all the social services; little wonder that, out of a population of 5,000,000, fewer than 1,500 receive anything approaching higher education. The army is paramount and life has its brutal side. On the morning of our arrival an unarmed soldier

ran pale and breathless into our compound. Armed men followed him. They would have slain him on the spot, but my friend begged them to desist. They shot him in the lane outside. Yet the quiet life of the citizen goes on in street and shop and on the Yellow River where skin rafts are loaded for their long journey to the sea.

China presents many strange contrasts. Two hundred miles more of wild mountain peaks and rivers and we were at Sinning on the borders of Tibet. There were no bandits here, no opium; trees planted and protected; soldiers and city police employed in road construction. It is a different world. General Ma, the Muhammadan Governor, rules well. He sees that justice is even as between Muhammadan and Chinese. In an interview he unfolded his plans for road construction and invited me to drive with him to Kokonor. He projects a new road to Lhasa, 700 miles away. Along this road we crossed the border into Tibet.

General Ma needs modern aid. He understands little about

(Continued on page 538)

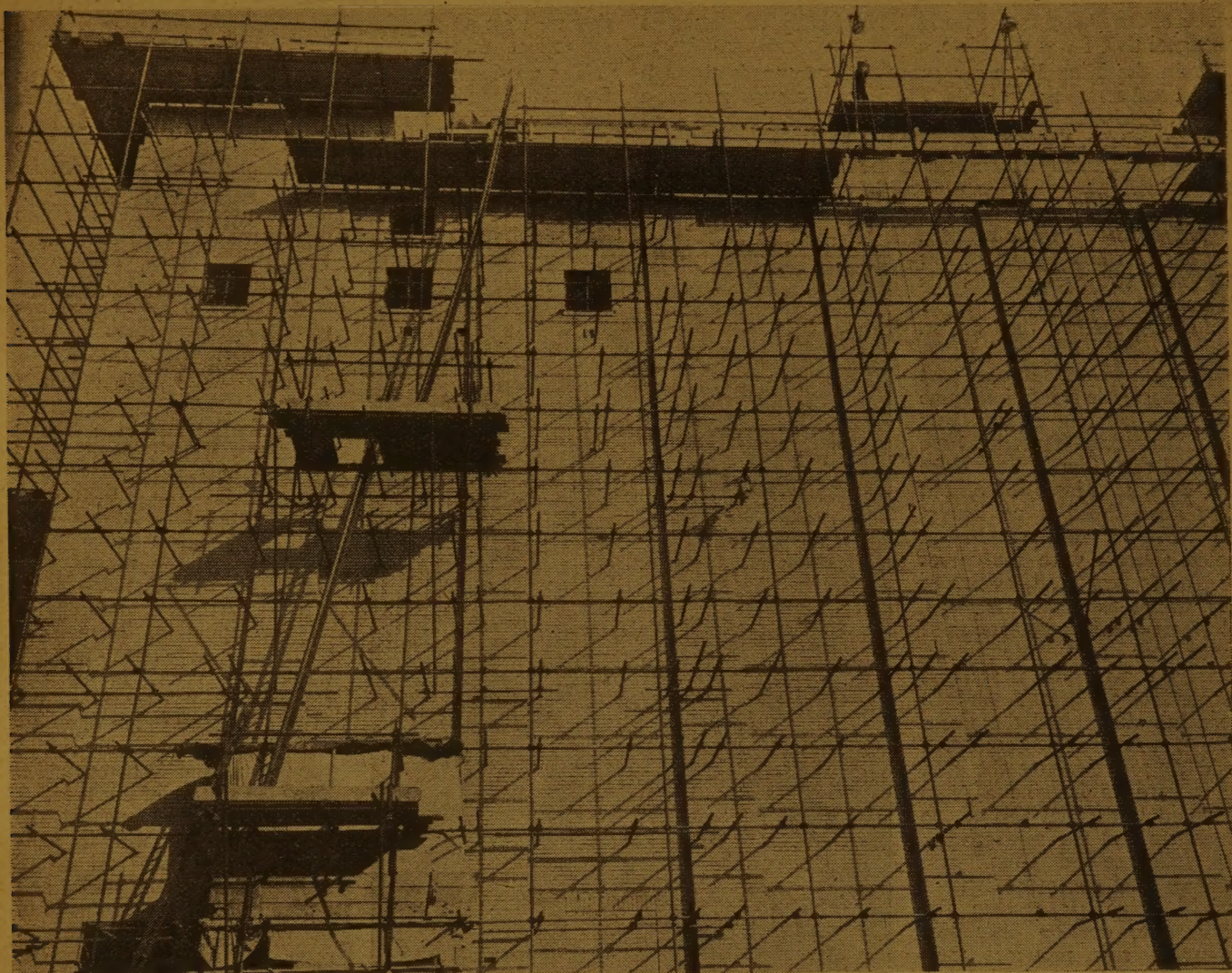


To Tibet: a deep worn road in the clay hills east of Yunnan

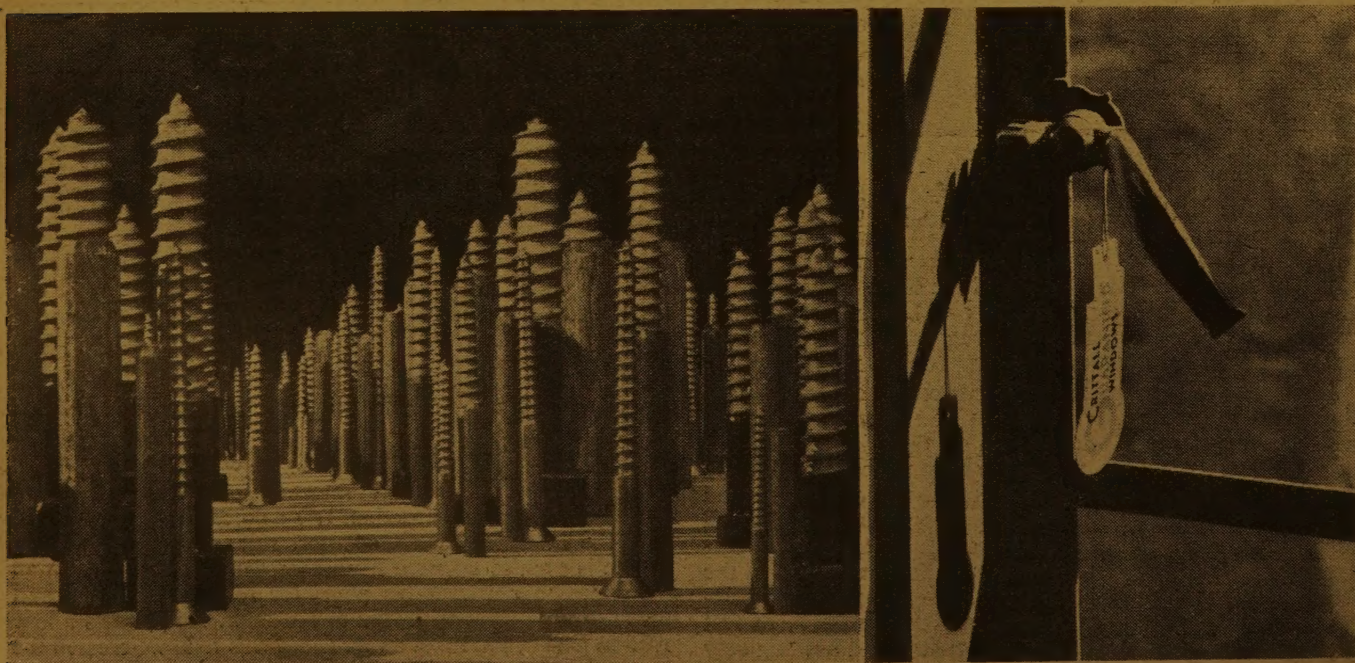
Photographs by courtesy of the Author

Modern Industrial Photography

Examples showing how photography is being used today in the service of industry (particularly advertising)—from the recent exhibition at Princes Galleries



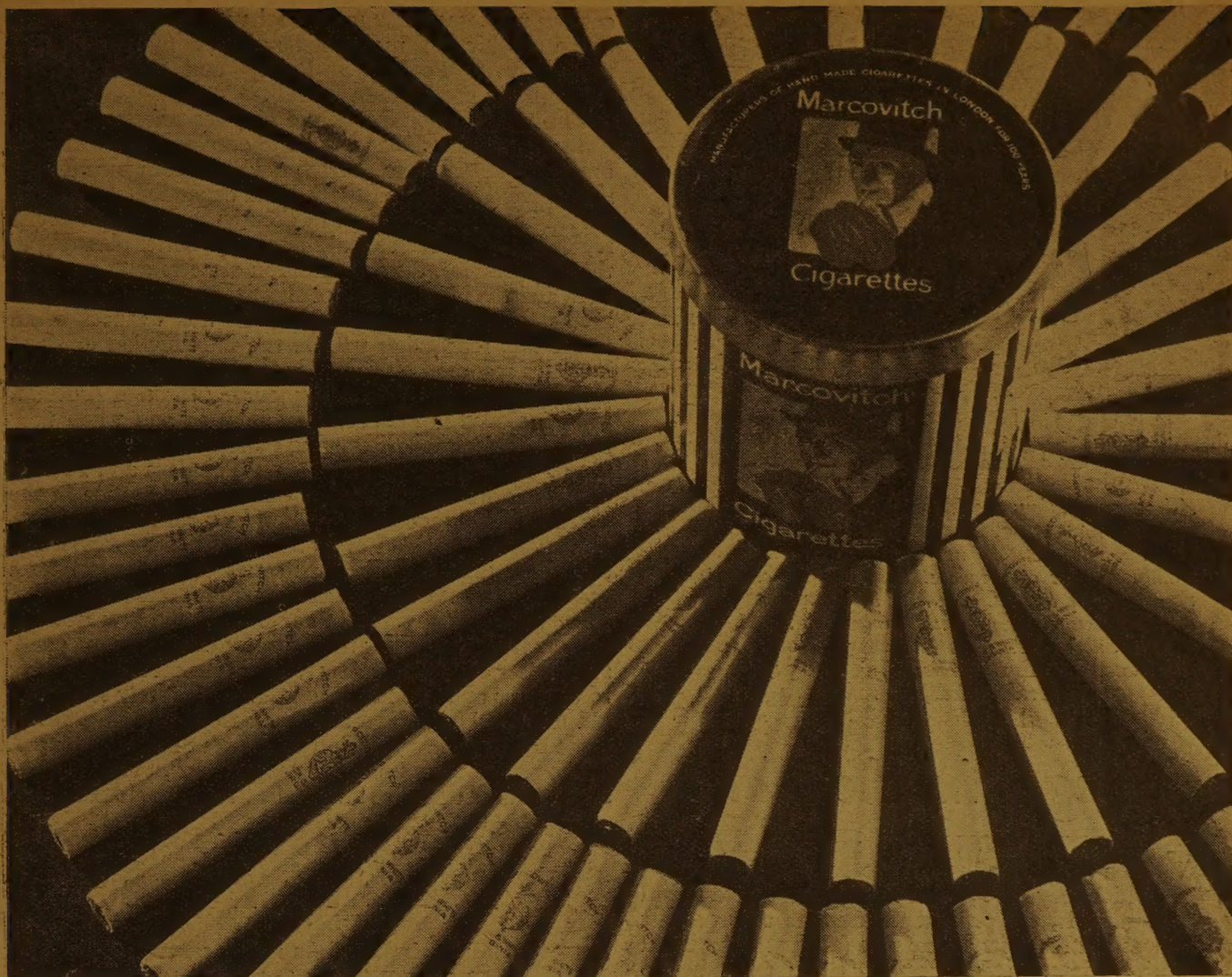
Scaffolding. By Studio Briggs, Frank McCubbine



The Inseparables. By Chas. R. H. Pickard and Son, for the Rawlplug Co., Ltd.

A Crittall Window. By Larkin Bros.

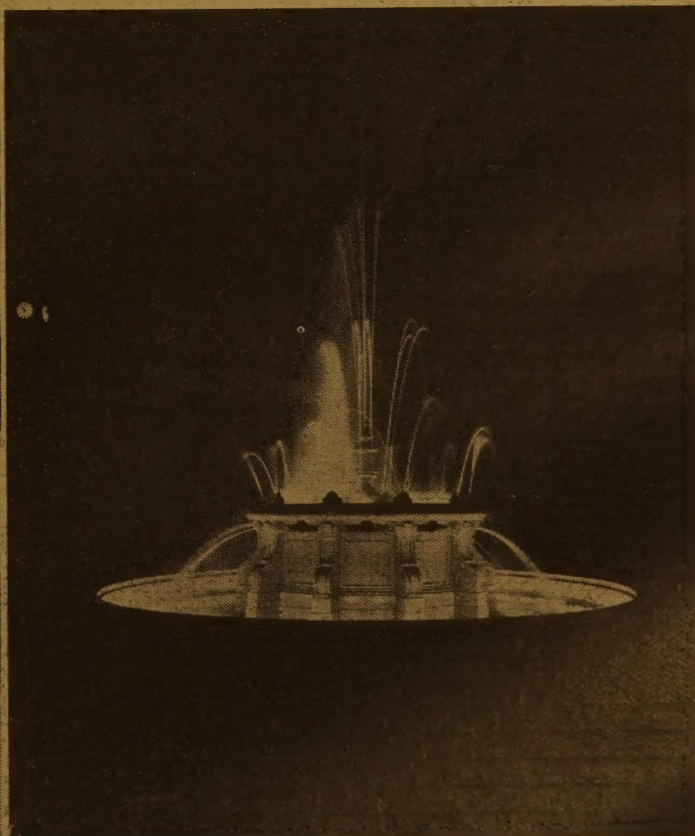
Photographs from the Exhibition of Modern Industrial Photography of the Professional Photographers' Association



By Noel Griggs



By Dorothy Wilding



Illuminated Fountain, Civic Centre, Southampton.
By S. A. Chandler (Soton), Ltd.



The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W. 1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 17s. 4d.; Overseas and Foreign, 19s. 6d. Shorter periods, pro rata.

Changes in the Talks

A PUBLICATION which many listeners have been accustomed to receive for some years, and which they have grown to regard as an old friend—that is, the printed programme of broadcast talks—does not make its appearance (at least in its usual form) this autumn. Instead, a smaller pamphlet limited to those educational talks which serve the purposes of wireless discussion groups has come out, while the forthcoming issue of *The Radio Times* will contain in supplement form an outline of the remaining talks, together with an account by the Director of Talks of the changes involved. Full accounts have already been published in *The Radio Times* and elsewhere of the general programme alterations which come into force in conjunction with the opening of the new Droitwich transmitter. Among these changes, of special interest to readers of THE LISTENER are those which concern the broadcast spoken word. The modification of the printed programme of talks is the outward symbol of a move, which will be generally welcomed, towards greater flexibility of timing, and therefore of content, of the broadcast talks. Hitherto talks have been given at carefully spaced and fixed regular times in the afternoon and evening programmes—a system which has its disadvantages as well as advantages. Under the new arrangements there will be fewer fixed talks periods, but a correspondingly larger inclusion of talks at unfixed times as part of the general evening programme. The changes do not affect the morning talks, nor (except for slight readjustment of timing) the early evening talks before seven, which are mainly occupied with giving listeners a service of information in regard to books, plays, films, farming, gardening, and so forth. An important change, however, occurs in the case of the 7.30 p.m. talks, which have for some time been reserved for adult education. The five-year experimental period of work associated with the Central Council for Broadcast Adult Education having now come to an end, the number of evening periods allocated to adult education talks is to be reduced to three a week, on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7.30 p.m. As the new programme of these talks indicates, several important series specially suitable for group dis-

cussion purposes will run throughout the winter at these times, of which the most outstanding are those which are to deal with 'Poverty in Plenty' and 'Freedom and Authority in the Modern World'.

The most important of the changes affects the nine o'clock news service and the late evening talks formerly broadcast at 9.20 p.m. Under the new arrangements the news period is both postponed and expanded. It is to be placed at 9.30 p.m. and will occupy half-an-hour every night, a period which should result in a better planning of the news service, the amplification of news with explanation, and the introduction of short topical talks and comments by distinguished people. In this connection an interesting innovation will be the introduction of short bulletins recorded by Commander Stephen King-Hall in the course of his forthcoming journey through America, to be included in the broadcast news as and when they become topical. A late evening period from 10.0 to 10.15 is also to be set aside for talks on Tuesdays and Fridays each week. More regular talks will also find a place in the Sunday evening programmes, both at 7 p.m. and at 9 p.m. on certain Sundays in every month. We are promised at this latter time an important series of broadcasts from across the Atlantic rather resembling the famous 'Points of View' series of 1929. It will be seen that the new arrangements offer the listener the prospect of greater topicality and variety of talks, yet they retain sufficient fixed features to whet his appetite in advance. He will surely seek as of old to keep his engagement book free for such talks as those by Sir James Jeans on 'Through Space and Time', or the promised series on 'Causes of War', both of which are to be announced in *The Radio Times* supplement.

Week by Week

THAT the health of the nation cannot be fairly said to be deteriorating is one of the main conclusions of the Annual Report of the Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health 'on the State of the Public Health' (H.M. Stationery Office, 4s. 6d.). But the fact that even in a difficult year the general level of health has been maintained does not mean that there is any case for complacency or that much does not remain to be done. The under-nourishment of schoolchildren still continues, and three or four per cent. of the school age population suffered from it last year. In the distressed areas signs of physical impairment due to extreme poverty have had to be recorded among the younger men and among women and children. Maternal mortality continues to be higher in a number of areas, and their names are published with their mortality records in the Report, in order to arouse them to greater efforts. The Welsh Counties, the English Northern industrial towns, together with Canterbury, are all shown with mortality rates over five and sometimes over six per hundred, while in other places, like the Maternity Hospitals whose names are also listed, the loss is around one per cent. The greatest factor in these deaths is sepsis, and the most meticulous standards of cleanliness on the part of licensed midwives are imperative. 'The complete control of detail', says Sir George Newman in the concluding sentence of his Report, 'is the master key to the whole problem'. His figures show that illegitimate children are twice as likely to die in the first three months as legitimate children. An interesting note in the Report deals with influenza last year. It was an epidemic, which killed 11,308 people in the 118 great towns, but most of its victims were the elderly, 40 per cent. being 65 or over.

The bringing of the *Cambridge Modern History** within the range of the modest bookbuyer's purse is surely a remarkable publishing achievement. The recent cheap edition of the *Cambridge History of Literature*, itself a much appreciated benefit to students, is almost put in the shade by this second enterprise, which brings the cost of the whole thirteen volumes (containing over 10,000 pages) of the most famous historical

**Cambridge Modern History*. Cambridge University Press. Edited by Sir A. W. Ward, Sir G. W. Prothero, Sir Stanley Leathes. Thirteen volumes, 90s. the set

work of the twentieth century within the compass of a five-pound note. Its first appearance over 32 years ago signalled the rise of a new historical school. 'Great additions have of late been made to our knowledge of the past', wrote the editors in their preface to the first edition, 'the long conspiracy against the revelation of truth has gradually given way and competing historians all over the civilised world have been zealous to take advantage of the change'. Gone were the days when a Gibbon or a Macaulay could easily digest the raw material of history. The opening of the floodgates of research and the insistence upon scientific standards of accuracy threatened to make history so impersonal and so specialised that it would almost lose its interest for the ordinary reader. 'The abundance of original records of monographs and works of detail that have been published within the last fifty years surpasses by far the grasp of a single mind'. Luckily, a single mind, that of Lord Acton, was able at least to plan the outlines of a comprehensive survey. But, as the three editors who carried out his plan after his death declared, 'to work up the results of research into a uniform whole demands the operation of the co-operative principle'. There have been many co-operative histories since then, but none has come near to the prototype in thoroughness, comprehensiveness and authority. Doubtless no co-operative history to which such a large and varied body of scholars contribute can be continuously readable. Unevenness of inspiration may be expected in 10,000 pages. But with this qualification, how well the *History* after thirty years has worn! The results of further research have modified the conclusions and interpretations of some of the chapters, but the spirit in which the whole was written stands as much as ever as a pattern of impartiality. The C. M. H. was a graft of the scientific spirit upon the philosophy of liberalism; but we live in an age when propaganda daily gains ground upon truth with loss to both science and the liberal spirit. It was well that this work was done before Europe fell a-fighting; and its republication gives us a criterion by which to judge the many attempts at historical falsification that press upon us today.

* * *

Under the title 'Human Waste in Colleges', a writer in *Scribner's Magazine* sums up the results of an investigation carried out by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, into the American system of education. Though limited to Pennsylvania, 49 institutions and 8681 undergraduates were examined, so that the results may be taken to represent a fair cross-section of American education. The survey was conducted by means of the so-called 'new-type' test questions. For example, instead of being asked to write an essay on Leonardo da Vinci, a student might be asked to answer 'no' or 'yes' to the statement: 'Leonardo da Vinci's scientific observations were intimately allied to his art'. By this means an enormous amount of ground could be covered and results achieved free of the subjective differences in the minds of examiners. Owing to the chance element bound to enter into a simple choice between 'yes' or 'no', the results must be allowed a purely statistical significance. Even so they are sufficiently startling. When the tests were presented to the entire undergraduate body, it was usual to find the freshman scoring more points than the fourth-year seniors. When the results of tests presented to a freshmen group in 1930 were compared with the results of tests presented to the same group in their Senior year in 1933, the average progress was seen to be painfully small, while in some cases actual retrogression was recorded. The vocabulary tests were especially instructive. 'Does it not seem unbelievable,' asks the writer, 'that two years constant activity with books should enable the average college senior to recognise only 62 words out of 100 (all in familiar use by educated persons), as compared with 55 he knew two years before?' If the writer's conclusion that 'the American college degree means almost nothing as a standard of educational development' is a severe and gloomy one to draw, upon such evidence, it is yet typical of American self-criticism and honesty to do so. Moreover, it is only just to say that in attempting to find a scientific basis for such investigations into the field of education, the Americans easily lead the way. Possibly we may conclude that the American Colleges have not been altogether right in trying to force an alien and sometimes artificial culture on to their people, that the type of learning they encourage is somehow at odds with the natural impulse of

their youth. However this may be, the Carnegie Foundation does not propose to allow the matter to rest here. Further researches are promised in the near future, which no doubt means for unfortunate educationists in America, further shocks.

* * *

When No. 76 Charlotte Street, the house in which John Constable lived from 1820 to his death in 1837, came into the market the other day the cry was immediately raised that it should be bought by his admirers and preserved as a memorial to his work. Representatives of art institutions and societies have supported the appeal, some suggesting a museum, some a hostel for art students: but the most sensible contribution to the discussion seems to us to come from Mr. A. M. Hind who goes to the root of the matter when he points out that the houses of famous men only call for permanent preservation if they have virtues in themselves which justify it. We are inclined to go further and add two more factors to justify such preservation. One is that the subject should have had the sort of life and career that leaves a lot of relics behind which can be most conveniently observed in one place, as Scott's can at Abbotsford or Wordsworth's at Dove Cottage. The other is that the great man's reputation should act as ground bait for visitors who may benefit the locality by far more than the sixpences they pay to enter his house. Such is Shakespeare's value to Stratford, and Burns' to Ayr—indeed, Burns' also to Dumfries and Mauchline, for all three places have been sharp enough to realise in tourists' pence the sentimental value his one-time residence gives them. No. 76 Charlotte Street seems to be disqualified on all three grounds. Architecturally, it is a pleasing home but not particularly distinguished, while to put it into condition would cost a considerable sum of money. Secondly, Constable emphatically did not lead such a life as to demand a museum for its relics. The record of his achievement is almost entirely in his pictures, large numbers of which are already visible in public places. Thirdly, the tourist-value of such great men's shrines is much diminished in London, where there are so many: just because it is isolated in a hamlet not otherwise remarkable, Carlyle's birthplace at Ecclefechan probably brings more direct business to his native village than his museum in Cheyne Row brings to the tradesmen of Chelsea. Honour to Constable by all means, and a centenary memorial in 1937: but we are not convinced that the best one has yet been found.

* * *

The Football Association has recently decided to undertake a campaign to restore the practice and prestige of 'Soccer' in our public and secondary schools. Although for many years Soccer was almost exclusively confined to the public schools (the first recorded match, in 1710, being an inter-school one), few, even of the oldest schools, still remain faithful to the game, while many secondary schools are going over to Rugby. To meet this situation, the Football Association proposes to distribute an instructional book, specially prepared for schools, and even to produce a film, featuring the fine points of the game. This is to be followed by an experiment, to be begun in Essex, and if successful extended elsewhere, of providing skilled coaches to visit the schools. Whether such remedies represent a sound diagnosis of the situation is at least open to doubt. Soccer would appear to be an ideal game for schools, and its abandonment is surely due less to a lack of understanding of its finer points, than to the inability of amateur Soccer to exist side by side with the professional game and its huge commercial organisation. If this prejudice could be removed, it is possible that the restoration of Soccer in the schools, might find enthusiastic supporters. There are many, for example, who have argued this summer that the decline in amateur cricket is due to the abandonment of Soccer. The foundation of good Soccer, as of good batsmanship, is quick effective foot-work, as an expert at both games, a Hendren or a Ducat, amply demonstrates. To bring the point nearer to the mark, it is noticeable that the best cricket schools tend to be Soccer-playing schools. Add to this the argument that Rugby is liable to produce a class of purely 'brawny bloods', and the possibility of a movement, initiated by an outside body, being supported from within the schools, begins to seem more real. Lastly there are the opinions of anxious parents to be considered—and in this connection it is interesting to note a parallel movement among schools in the United States to abandon their own American football (a game dangerous enough to cause 50 fatalities in one year) in favour of English Rugby football.

Educational Issues of Today—IX

What is the Function of a Modern University?

By Principal A. E. MORGAN

THE trouble with the universities today is that learning lacks universality. When knowledge was limited as it was in the Middle Ages something like a study of knowledge as a whole was possible. With the processes first of the revival of learning and then two centuries later of the creation of modern natural science the corpus of things known has become so vast that the ablest cannot do more than master a very small section of knowledge. True to their function as the repositories of the highest learning the universities are peopled with men and women deeply schooled in their particular subjects, but in too many cases lamentably ignorant of the learning of their fellows.

Dangers of Specialisation

This excessive departmentalisation of knowledge is more marked in the newer universities, where social contacts are harder to effect; but even in the older universities with their collegiate organisation of fellowship it is too prevalent. And it is getting worse. With the result that teaching is excessively specialised and graduates are being turned out of all our universities expert in what they are pleased to call their subjects, but ignorant of much of the knowledge vital not merely to good citizenship but to individual capacity for life.

This is a commonplace, and yet little is being done to remedy what is a very serious state of affairs in relation to the well-being of the community as a whole. It is the inescapable duty of the universities to train the pick of our youth to be the leaders of the next generation. The function of the universities in that sense is properly vocational, and to assert this is not to depreciate the purpose of university education. The community must have its leaders, the comparatively few who are specially trained to occupy the positions which involve more responsibility and require more skill. To produce these has always been the function of universities.

This is not to say that no one does or can occupy a place of leadership unless he is a university graduate. In addition to the universities, there has been the other great method of training by apprenticeship. Until recently this was an important part of the training in medicine; it still is in the law; and the great majority of those holding high positions in industry and commerce have learned their profession in this way.

Today however every department of life and work is becoming more and more highly specialised, and life as a whole has consequently become so much more highly organised that the process of preparation of those who are to manage this complex machine is proportionately elaborate. A growing number of young people are seeking university training: more and more will. There are those who cry out that too many are going to the universities and they point to the numbers of unemployed graduates. This will not stop the flow; nor should it. The trend of civilisation is towards an intensification of education. As long as youth is youth it will hunger for knowledge. As our social machine develops to higher degrees of complexity education will become a longer and more highly organised affair. The number of unemployed graduates is a measure of the increase in the number of those employed. In another sense it is a guarantee of quality, seeing that it represents the possibility of choice between the better and the worse.

There can be no doubt that the university is going to be in the future the main avenue to many vocations for which apprenticeship was formerly the method of preparation. Local government officers are at present very rarely university-trained unless they have technical qualifications, such as medical officers of health and engineers; business is only beginning to recruit from the universities. If the universities are to live up to their ancient function of preparing the highest members of the various professions and callings they will need to reconsider their position. Society is in a state of upheaval and education stands in need of reassessment as much as it did when a new age emerged from the Middle Ages at the time of the Renaissance, and again when the development of the natural sciences in the nineteenth century gave birth to the

modern world of machinery, speed, and the consequent mass organisation of humanity.

The Need for a Synthesis of Knowledge

The universities must hold fast to their high duty of maintaining the best standards of knowledge: and this inevitably involves specialisation. If however they are to carry out their duty fully they must face, and that quickly, the task of reintegrating knowledge. Society must have for its leaders those who see not only the trees but the wood. The need for a synthesis of knowledge, from which alone wisdom can come, is urgent.

How this can be done is hard to say. Carlyle created a Professor of Things in General; and we need sorely some Teufelsdröckhs. But we probably shall not get them. The best we can hope for is a better organisation of curricula, so that, while some students specialise deeply in certain subjects, better opportunity is given to the other type which needs a more extensive course. Happily there are signs of this in most universities, but the problem has scarcely been touched. It is still possible for a man to spend three, four or five years studying the classics, chemistry, engineering or medicine and emerge little better than an ignoramus as regards the world and knowledge at large. To be a skilled surgeon ignorant of the riches of our English heritage of poetry, to be deeply learned in French language and literature and to know nothing of the biological basis of our existence, to be never so well trained in the higher flights of mathematics yet to know nothing of the economic conditions of society is to be uneducated. And such men are being produced in abundance by our universities.

What wonder that the man who runs a business concern or administers a corporation department prefers to catch a boy early, whilst the bloom of youth and the enthusiasm for life are still unsullied, and train him up himself in the process of everyday affairs. If the universities are to fulfil their duty they must continue to adjust themselves so as to meet the requirements of modern life and modern work. And for them to regard training for vocation as a proper function is no wise derogatory to their dignity. It is not even novel.

It is useless to say that the subject a man studies does not matter and that a first class honours man in classics is good enough for any far-sighted business man to employ. A far-sighted business man wants two things if he can get them: a first-class mind and a first-class personality. But in addition he wants in his young recruit a body of knowledge which will bear some relation to the work which he has to do. Surely it is possible to organise courses more relevant to modern business conditions than the language and literature of an extinct civilisation, and yet preserve all the cultural and humanistic elements which are vital to a sound training for life. A wise business man would prefer a first-class classic to a third-rate economist; but other things being equal a first-class economist would be more useful still.

Defences of the Human Spirit

The problem is twofold. In certain directions there is greater need for universality, for a widening of the scope of curricula now too highly specialised; and on the other hand there is need for more special training for vocations which it has not been mainly the task of the universities to prepare for up to now. In providing these special courses for, say, business or public administration, there is no reason why they should not be widely humanistic and cultural if they are planned with breadth of vision. If they are not they will fall into the same narrow rut in which other professional training is unfortunately confined.

We have concentrated attention on what is perhaps the most important problem with which the universities are faced, but it must not be imagined that their sole function is to teach. Their ancient privilege is to be the repositories, though not the sole repositories, of the deepest knowledge. It is also their function, whilst engaging in the endless task of maintaining

the light, to carry on the struggle to extend the boundaries of knowledge. Ignorance and obscurantism are ever ready to overwhelm the mind of man: the universities are part of the defences of the human spirit against these lurking enemies.

On the newer universities, with their peculiar local connections, lies the special responsibility of serving to illuminate their own regions. It may be by serving a local industry through particular scientific research, it may be by the influence of its staff on the intellectual life of the people, it may be by the hospitality within its walls which the university gives to such movements as it can properly help, or it may be by the increasing activities of extra-mural adult education: in all these ways the university may be and in most cases is an intellectual focus for its locality. There need be no fear that to serve a local purpose is a negation of its universal function. The two go hand-in-hand: they strengthen each other.

Never has university education been so much sought after as today; and never perhaps has it been more criticised. This is to be welcomed. Whatever the pessimists may say, the universities are not over-supplying a need. The need may not be fully formulated, but it is there and it exceeds the supply. The solution of this problem of supply and demand must come from two directions, and neither can wholly precede the other. The community must learn the value of the university and its products for the service of society; and the universities must study patiently and sympathetically to produce what society needs. It needs many things and its needs will change constantly. To that end the universities, whilst cultivating the highest knowledge for its own sake, must not think it ill if the world demands that the pursuit of knowledge and the training of its youth should bear a practical relation to the well-being both of individuals and of the community as a whole.

What I Like in Art—XIV

The Rout of San Romano

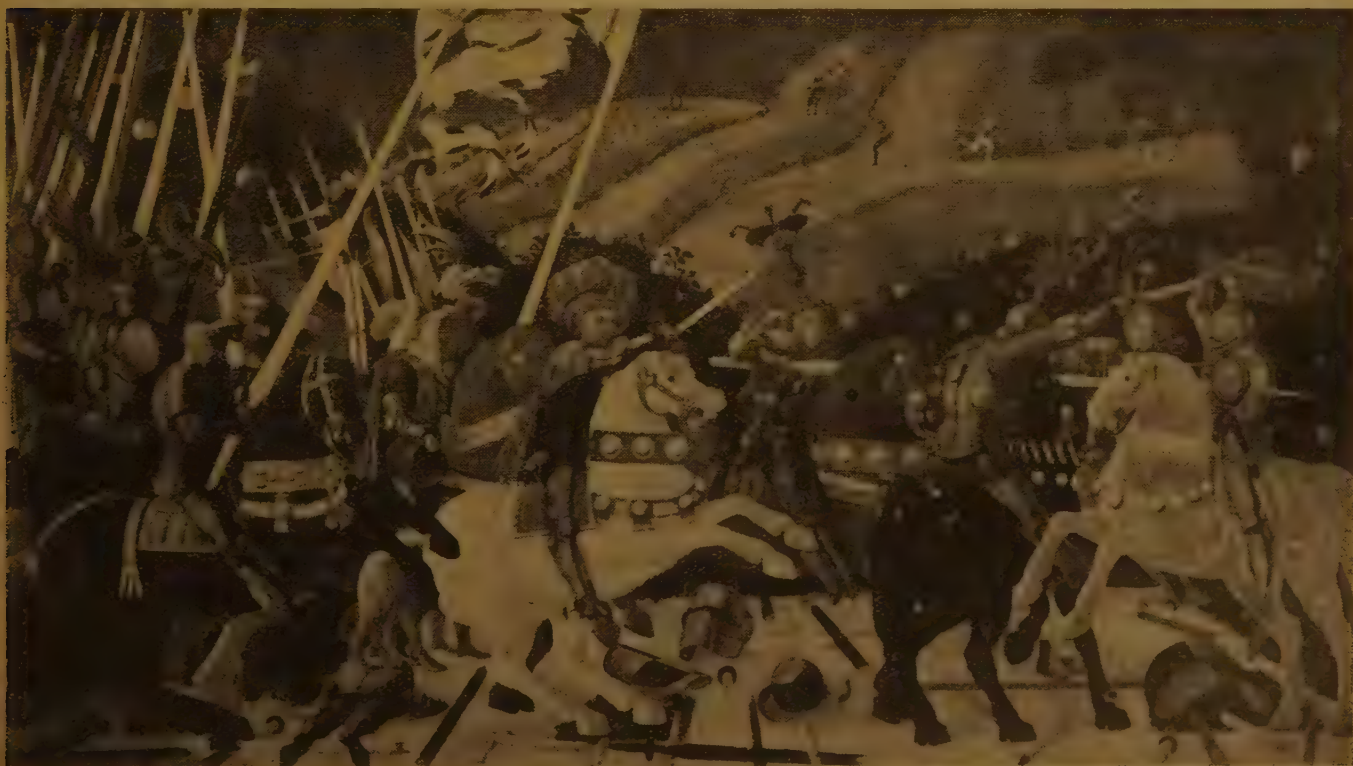
By CHARLES MARRIOTT

IN the belief that the value of this series depends upon making a clean breast of things, at whatever cost to reputation, I have thought it well to preface the discussion of my choice with some account of my thoughts and feelings in arriving at the choice. My first response to the invitation to contribute to the series was the somewhat shocking reflection 'Well, is there anything in art that I like in the unquestioning and whole-hearted way in which I like my dinner, or my pipe, or a glass of beer at the right moment, or a May morning, or a country walk, or a ride on horseback?' Further reflection showed that there was, but with the rather important qualification that I liked it because it had been rather than in its continued existence. What I really liked was my experience of the work of art. No doubt I hoped to repeat the experience, but, though I should be sorry, I should not be broken-hearted if all the works of art I had seen were destroyed. Nobody could take away from me the experience that I had had of them.

This led me to the conclusion, surprising at first, that what I liked was art rather than any particular works of art. Or, to quote my actual reflection, 'What I like is that, at some time, somewhere, a fellow-creature behaved in that way, and that I have been allowed to share, however imperfectly, his be-

haviour'. At once it became evident that, though I have rather a keen sense of the difference between one medium and another, I like, though in different degrees, all art in a similar way; painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, dancing and the drama. Further, that though I recognised the convenience of calling certain behaviours 'art', there was no fundamental difference between my enjoyment of art and my enjoyment of other experiences—watching a girl walk, or a wave break, or a game of cricket, or a plumber 'wiping' a joint, for examples. What I should like best of all, I felt, was that all art should disappear in the process of living; that I and all my fellow creatures should think, speak, walk and perform all our actions with the felicity and significance of behaviour that I had enjoyed in great works of art of different kinds.

An unexpected, though fortunate, result of these reflections was to discover degrees of liking, which presented themselves in a sort of composition. Certain kinds of art, in painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry, occupied the foreground of my attention, while others receded 'in depth', as we say in discussing a picture. Exactly why, when I concentrated my attention on painting, Uccello's 'Rout of San



The Rout of San Romano, by Paolo Uccello

Romano' slipped into its place in the foreground plane I am unable to say, but I think it was because that picture is *typical* of what I like most in painting. Directly the picture was there I saw that my first and broadest reason for liking it was that it is comparatively and consistently remote from Nature. Casting my mind back I recognised, too, that, ever since childhood, this has been my first requirement of a painting. Not because I do not like Nature, but, if it does not sound paradoxical, because it is only in remoteness that a painting looks natural. I can best explain the reason for the liking by saying that remoteness from Nature in a work of art gives me a feeling of confidence and security which is not present when the work of art is closer to Nature in the imitative sense.

So far as I can judge, the emotional satisfaction I get from a picture like 'The Rout of San Romano' is not romantic or sentimental but severely practical—as if I had found a firm path over marshy ground. I am in a safe position, from which I can allow the minor attractions of the picture to play over my sensibilities, as I cannot if I keep slipping off into Nature. I do not have to 'watch my steps'. The reason, I suppose, is the remarkable consistency of the picture, with every part, whether in form or colour, at the same 'remove' from Nature. Granted that it is a representation, as they are not, it comes into line with the other forms of art, such as music and architecture, that I can enjoy. To me the only difference is that, by virtue of their medium, they are still further removed from Nature. If consistent with themselves they are equally 'natural'. Particularly music. Though without musical training, or executive capacity, I happen to have a good musical memory and the faculty of hearing music internally, and my feeling of greatest confidence and security is in that exercise. Not, I think, because I like music more than painting, but because it is easier for me to recall clearly a pattern in music than a pattern in painting. It may be a movement from a Beethoven symphony or sonata, or it may be 'a tune of Mozart', or something of Bach—say the Prelude, No. 17, in the first book of the Forty-Eight; but for the moment nothing else matters. The feeling excited is not so much defiance, though it is something like that, as a momentary superiority to all the ills of life. Whatever else happens, that has been. No doubt the experience varies with different people—the particular art that gives greatest confidence, I mean—and I believe it is true that mathematicians can find the peace of God in an equation. What it seems to amount to, in my case, is that, owing to a peculiarity of memory and imagination, music is the nearest means at hand to the feeling of confidence and security which seems to be my chief emotional requirement, and that the other arts serve the same purpose in proportion as they approach the condition of music. By this I do not mean that they abandon representation, and become purely 'decorative', but that they take representation in their stride as a condition of their activity. That music, the most intangible of the arts, should have this effect, seems to show how little the feeling of confidence and security is dependent upon a material structure.

It would be rash to generalise from personal experience, but I am inclined to believe that the basis appeal of works of art, resulting in what has been called the 'aesthetic thrill', is precisely a momentary sense—or illusion, if you like—of order in the universe. Support is given to this belief by the fact that all conditions of heightened sensibility—when we are a little drunk, or under the influence of morphine, or have a slight rise of temperature, or are very much in love—produce similar effects. Discords are resolved, and what was obscure and complicated is made plain. It is, again, a common experience in dreams 'to square the circle' or perform other feats of reconciliation between incompatibles. The obvious thing about 'The Rout of San Romano' is that, by virtue of its consistency and the perfect relationships established between one element and another, it is an ordered world; parallel to the world of reality and therefore not touching it directly at any point. Every perfect work of art, in any medium, is in fact a microcosm. The disturbing effects of time and space are abolished, and, if only for a moment, we feel the universe as unity. That the old simile for this conviction of order, to hear 'the music of the spheres', should be taken from the least tangible of the arts is significant.

Now I am quite prepared to believe that to feel 'safer' in works like 'The Rout of San Romano' than in paintings of a more naturalistic kind is due to comparative weakness of the

aesthetic faculty; that a stronger faculty could hold the fort of confidence and security, the conviction of order, in close contact with the world of reality. I am not concerned, here, to justify my preferences but only to state and try to explain them. All that I can say is that, in the presence of works by more naturalistic painters—say Rembrandt or Constable—I, to a certain extent, lose my confidence. I tend to slip off—or through—the ordered world of perfect relationships into the confused and perplexing world of everyday experience. As when in listening to music one is told to look out for actual references to natural sounds, I am divided between two kinds of attention. To a certain extent I lose hold of the 'music' of the picture in observing the facts. On the other hand, on the musical analogy, it might be argued that the feeling of confidence and security should be stronger still in the presence of purely abstract paintings. There is, I believe, a simple explanation why it is not so. The nature of the medium. Just as, before naturalistic paintings, I slip through to unorganised Nature, so in the presence of abstract paintings I come bump up against the materials. I have been taken past the limits to which painting can conveniently approach the condition of music, and I become unduly aware of the static and tangible materials which distinguish the medium of one art from that of the other. That is why it seems to me that, unless they are absorbed in architecture, the logical conclusion of abstract paintings is the motion picture.

There seems to be, in every art, what may be called a normal condition—varying, of course, with individual practice—at which all the factors are fused in the effect of unity; the effect of an ordered universe, inspiring feelings of confidence and security. That is why I spoke of representation as the 'condition' and not as the 'aim' of painting. It is, I think, because it is typical of this condition that 'The Rout of San Romano' represents what I like in art. One consequence of its normality, its centrality in the tradition of painting, is worth noting. I feel that, given different, but consistent, temperaments in the artists, it could be translated, within the limits of the medium, into either more naturalistic or more abstract terms without loss of its essential quality. It is in a 'key' position. From my security in the picture I can run back to the Byzantine mosaic and forward to the painting by Cézanne, or the Steer water-colour, without, so to speak, losing my way. Not only that, but I am in relations with the extra-artistic experiences of which I spoke at the beginning of this article. I recognise that they, too, are hints of order—in their degree, and according to their medium, works of art. That, I suppose, is why the ideal presents itself to me as the disappearance of all art in the process of living as these hints of order—like the well-planned areas of a confused city—are linked up in a perfectly ordered world.

I find that, quite unconsciously, I have said nothing about the subject of 'The Rout of San Romano'. This is not because I regard subject as unimportant in a painting, but because, in this case, it is so completely fused with the design that it comes over as an emotional effect rather than as a collection of facts. Actually the 'Rout' has a similar effect upon me as the phrase 'the thunder of the captains, and the shouting', that is to say, something much more powerful than a realistic battle painting could convey. Realistic painting defeats its own ends, for the simple reason that it puts you so close to the visual facts that the contributions of the other senses, which accompany the experience in life, become conspicuous by their absence. For the 'pooling' of the other sense contributions a certain remoteness is necessary. Nor have I said anything about Uccello's notorious passion for perspective. As is evident in the disposition of the lances and other objects on the ground it was an intellectual passion with him, as a new means of penetrating space. When it is used merely for correctness in the visual impression perspective is a very dull affair. For Uccello, I should say, it had the exciting appeal of a new means of locomotion, to be tried in all circumstances and in all directions.

'Art and Adult Education' is the subject of the principal article, by Professor W. G. Constable, Director of the Courtauld Institute, in the September issue of *Adult Education* (18.), a new quarterly issued by the British Institute of Adult Education to replace its former journal. In form and contents the new quarterly makes a most pleasing appearance.

Recalling Lunardi's Balloon Voyage

By DEREK HUDSON

Broadcast on September 15, the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Lunardi's successful ascent over London

IT is amusing now to us who no longer trouble to look up when an aeroplane passes overhead, and talk glibly sometimes of a future war in the air, to look back at the remarkable scenes that occurred in London 150 years ago today.

Lunardi was an Italian, secretary to the Neapolitan Ambassador over here, and in his spare time he experimented in aeronautics, and made a balloon. In this he proposed to ascend into the air; but the London public unfortunately didn't share his enthusiasm or his faith. Only a few weeks before a Frenchman had proclaimed his intention to ascend in a fire balloon; but he had been unable to keep his word, and the crowd that had turned out to watch had thought themselves spoofed, and destroyed his apparatus.

That had happened in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, and the result was that Lunardi, who wanted to make his attempt from the same spot, was refused permission. He exhibited his balloon at the Lyceum-Room in the Strand, and begged for support, but the Londoners were now too sceptical. In his own story of the great voyage, he says that if it hadn't been for the encouragement of the English ladies he would never have been able to start. 'They express a tender concern for my safety', he wrote, 'which fixes my determination; and I will ascend if I have to from the street'.

The Prince of Wales (later King George IV) became interested in the adventure, and offered Lunardi the use of the Honourable Artillery Company's training-ground at Moorfields. On September 15, 1784, the place was packed to overflowing by a much larger crowd than we ever get for the Cup Final at Wembley. 150,000 was what they said at the time. And of course everyone came running into the street as soon as they heard that the balloon was in the air.

If the workmen hadn't got drunk and the crowd impatient, a lady called Madame Sage and a gentleman named Biggin might

have gone up with Lunardi. As it was, the balloon hadn't enough hydrogen to take more than one passenger. It was a beautiful thing, striped blue and red, and out of its basket hung a couple of canvas-covered oars. These were Lunardi's great speciality. He thought that by flapping them about he would be able to go up and down whenever he liked,

without losing any of his gas. Lunardi took with him a cat, a dog and a pigeon. Before he stepped into the basket the Prince of Wales toasted him in a glass of wine, and everybody nearby took off their hats and wished him luck. At first the balloon rose about six feet only and looked as if it didn't like the idea of the ascent at all. However, Lunardi threw out some sand, and up it shot rapidly to 600 feet. Now the great thing was to convince the sceptical English public that there really was someone in the balloon. Lunardi waved his arms about; and then he waved an English flag. Then he started working his 'oars' up and down; he did this so vigorously that one of them broke in two and disappeared. It was 'dexterously caught by Mr. Season, who owned an ale-house called the Magpye, at the corner of 'Mutton Lane'.

Soon the crowd began to realise that this ascent was not—as balloon ascents had often been before—either a failure or a hoax. Lunardi tells us that 'they passed from incredulity and menace into the most extravagant expressions of approbation and joy'. Another account says that 'an awful silence filled the air, which the next instant was in tremulation with the most impassioned bursts of applause'. All this was too much for the pigeon, which may have been feeling a little air-sick; it took advantage of the general confusion to make an escape.

London was wild with excitement. One poor lady collapsed and died from shock; she saw the broken oar falling from the balloon and thought it was Lunardi. A hardened old scoundrel was in the dock in one of the criminal courts. The Jury was too excited to bother with the case, acquitted him as soon as possible; and everybody dashed out to have a look at Lunardi. He was sailing along quite comfortably up there,

eating chicken sandwiches, drinking wine, and writing letters to his friends. He was the first man to see London from the air—and he spoke of the city as 'an enormous beehive, of which the industry had been suspended'.

When the thermometer fell to 29 degrees the cat and the dog, not to mention Lunardi, began to feel very cold. After an hour-and-a-half, an escape of gas brought the balloon to earth at South Mimms, in Hertfordshire. There the cat was put out; but Lunardi threw overboard all the ballast and he and the dog had another forty minutes in the air. Finally they came down in the village of Collier's End, having done a journey of 26 miles in two-



Lunardi in the basket of his balloon before the ascent on September 15, 1784



One hundred-and-fifty years later: Mr. Hudson lays a wreath on the stone at Collier's End which marks the spot where Lunardi descended

and-a-quarter hours. Two labourers, John Mills and George Phillips, were in the field. Lunardi asked them to catch hold of a rope, but they were terrified and said something about the man who 'came in the Devil's house', or 'on the Devil's horse'—Lunardi wasn't sure which it was. One of them added that he was afraid he was 'too short' to help, anyway; and the other said 'I don't like it'. Then Elizabeth Brett, a

brave young lady, came running along, seized the rope, and saved the situation.

You may laugh at all this now; but if you had seen that nightmare coming down 150 years ago, and had been asked to catch hold of the Devil's rope, perhaps even you might have discovered that you were 'too short', or that you 'didn't like it'.

Smuggling, Wrecking and Fishing in Cornwall

By A. K. HAMILTON JENKIN

I HOPE you will forgive me if I take upon myself the role of 'debunking' some popular legends of the longshore life of Cornwall. But hackneyed though the phrase may be, truth is often stranger than fiction. Smuggling and wrecking, as industries, now belong entirely to the past, but even so the recorded facts concerning them are surely strange enough.

Anyone possessed of imagination can, of course, recapture something of the old smuggling days. One has only to stand looking down upon one of those little rocky coves in the far west of Cornwall, in order to see again the rough bearded men and the waiting ponies assembled upon the beach. The goods are coming ashore in boats, kegs of brandy and rum, packets of lace and tobacco—all of them soon to be carried off to the inland towns and villages.

This picture is well enough as far as it goes. But smuggling was not merely an outcome of the Cornishman's passion for adventure. Nor was it simply inspired by a love of cheating the revenue authorities. It was a serious business and conducted, like other businesses, for strictly utilitarian ends. A report made to the Government in 1783 states that many smuggling vessels at that time would carry as much as three thousand barrels of spirit and ten or twelve tons of tea on a single voyage. The landings were regulated by signals, whilst small batteries of guns defended the coves against interference from the revenue cutters. The bigger cargoes were regularly insured and were brought to London. Here the goods were sold at about two-thirds of the price of those which had paid duty.

The local gentry, the very magistrates as often as not, financed these enterprises. In 1770, the Mayor of Penzance himself was bound over 'not to be again guilty of smuggling'. The reckless daring of the smugglers was undoubtedly due to the protection which they thus tacitly received from those in authority. In 1750, for instance, the excise officer at Penzance seized a cargo from a vessel lying off in the bay. The magistrates, however, promptly dismissed the case, and the collector was forced to ask for protection in case he himself should be served with a writ by the smugglers! On another occasion an exciseman, whilst taking charge of contraband goods discovered at a house in Marazion, had a silver spoon slipped into his pocket. The smugglers subsequently charged him with stealing this, and he was forced to appear at the next assizes.

Among the most famous of all Cornish smugglers were the Carter family of Prussia Cove in the Mount's Bay. Harry Carter, one of the brothers, was a devout Methodist. Already when at the age of eighteen in command of a smuggling craft of his own, he had forbidden all swearing and unseemly conversation on board his ship 'under pain of punishment'. In later life he was unfortunately compelled to reside at Roscoff with a price on his head. Here, however, he used to

conduct religious services every Sunday afternoon for the benefit of the twenty or thirty other Cornish smugglers staying in the town! John Carter, the head of the gang, was also a man of high integrity. On one occasion, when some of his goods had been 'stolen', as he put it, by the excisemen he broke into the custom house at Penzance, merely recovering what he believed to be his own. As he explained to his companions, the goods had been promised to customers by a certain date. If he failed to deliver them, he would forfeit his reputation as an honest trader.

Such were the ethics of Cornish smuggling. These, of course, were its palmy days when the 'Fair Traders', as they were called, had practically everything their own way. In 1767, for instance, a smuggling fleet of nine vessels and armed sloops sailed out of Penzance in full daylight and under the very eyes of a man-of-war.

Five years later, another of their craft entered the same port and actually carried off a revenue cutter which was lying there with captured cargo in her hold. In the same year an excise ship at Padstow, instead of chasing, was chased into port by a large smuggling vessel. The latter fired seven guns at the mouth of the harbour and hung out a flag in triumph. She afterwards sailed away to discharge her cargo at Newquay, where the excisemen and smugglers were said to be on excellent terms. Smuggling, indeed, was carried on even



'King of Prussia's' Cove, the headquarters of John Carter

Photograph: Gibson, Penzance

in the official Falmouth packet boats which brought the Portuguese and West Indian mails to England. On the arrival of one of these ships the country people would flock to Falmouth as if to a fair. Silks, wines, tobacco and other goods were often sold to the value of £10,000 or £15,000. It was commonly said that the revenue officers at Falmouth wore 'fog spectacles with bank note shades'. It is certainly a fact that goods were scarcely ever seized at that port.

It was not until after the Peace of Waterloo that the Government had the opportunity of taking smuggling seriously in hand. In 1816 a new and much more efficient preventive force was established, and a regular watch began to be kept on the suspected coves. In consequence, the smugglers were forced to take a smaller class of boat, involving far greater risks for less return. But the greater difficulties resulted, if anything, in an increase of the smugglers' daring. On September 18, 1840, a body of men broke into the custom house at Helford and carried off 126 kegs of brandy which had been deposited there by the excisemen a few days before. The caretaker and his wife had heard the noise of the doors being broken open, but had been too much afraid to give the alarm.

The smugglers, however, were no longer in the position of being able to 'get away with it' every time. The penalty now imposed on those caught in the act was to have their vessel sawn up into three equal parts. Though the end came slowly, it came inevitably. As late as the 'seventies of last century, the

trade still lingered in some of the western ports. But about that time spies were introduced among the fishermen. In this way evidence was obtained, and fines of such magnitude were inflicted as to bring smuggling practically to an end.

From smuggling it is but a natural step to wrecking, a subject which stands, perhaps, in even greater need of being reduced to history and proportion. A few years ago I was turning over the pages of a popularly written book on Cornwall, and in it I came across the following astounding passage: 'The Cornish', states the writer, 'are a strange people, capable of the noblest and most gracious actions; capable, a century ago, of hammering to death the poor ship-wrecked souls who clambered up over the rocks, capable of killing each other for the possession of a keg of brandy. Hardly credible, but true!'

Well, at that time I happened to have just finished a book called *Cornish Seafarers*, which dealt specifically with smuggling and wrecking. Though I myself had ransacked every possible source of information in writing this book, I had found nothing to justify the sensational charges of which this passage is so characteristic. But wild and silly as the legends are, such as that of lanterns being tied to horses' tails to lure ships in to their doom, I hold no particular brief myself for the old-time wrecker. Certainly it would be impossible to deny the extent of the practice among the Cornish people. In this phrase 'the Cornish people' one must include the gentry, of course, every bit as much as the poor.

Originally, the right to wreckage appears to have belonged to the Crown. But as time went, this privilege fell more and more into the hands of the great landowners whose property adjoined the coast, and woe betide the poor man who was caught poaching anything from their beaches. As an instance, the splendid doors of Spanish oak which adorned the state-rooms of Wardour Castle in Wiltshire are said to have come ashore as wreckage on property belonging to the Arundell family in Cornwall.

I do not mean, of course, by this that the gentry were the only wreckers. When Sir John Killigrew erected the first lighthouse at the Lizard in 1619, he stated that most of the houses in the

In 1680, the Trinity House authorities themselves erected the first light tower on the Scilly Islands. Unfortunately, the keepers whom they appointed were all Scillonians. In this case the light does appear to have been used quite definitely to assist their relations in the family occupation of wrecking. Sometimes the light shone brightly, on other occasions it was put out altogether. This is the only authentic record known of an attempt to lure ships in to their doom, and here it applied, not to the Cornish people, but to the inhabitants of Scilly. I fancy, however, that



The Smugglers (after Rowlandson)

even the Scillonians would have preferred that ships should have been wrecked by natural causes. Parson Troutbeck, who was Chaplain to the Islands about this time, is said to have added a new petition to the Litany: 'O Lord, we pray thee, not that wrecks *should* happen, but that if wrecks *do* happen, Thou wilt guide them in to the Scilly Islands for the benefit of the poor inhabitants'. That I believe expressed exactly what the Cornish people also would have felt about wrecking.

But it is only those who know something of the conditions of the working classes at this period who will understand the full meaning of that phrase 'the poor inhabitants'. I can only say here that it is little wonder that a wreck, with its promise of food and wine, and the chance of picking up oddments to furnish their miserable hovels, *should* have been looked upon by the poor at this time as a gift from the hand of God.

For nearly a century past, wrecking has come to be looked upon by the Cornish people as little more than a pastime, and has long been cleansed from the fierce greed which once inspired it. From personal experience, however, I think I can truly say that almost everyone is a bit of a wrecker still at heart. Under cover of darkness, and amidst the roar of the breaking surf, the old plundering instincts of the human race come to life again in a surprising way. Nor is the English visitor any more exempt from this temptation than the Cornishman himself. Well do I remember at one particular wreck seeing a little clock being carried off by a triumphant tourist. 'Ais, I had my eye on that too', a fisherman said to me afterwards, 'but darn'ee, that London fellow was too quick. Anyone would

think he'd been going to wrecks all his days!'

The smuggling days of Cornwall are over and past, and the wrecker has become little more than a gatherer of driftwood upon our beaches. But the fisherman still plies his ancient trade, the first of all the longshore types to take to the sea, and the last to leave it.

To see the fishing industry in full swing, one must visit a port like St. Ives in the dusk of a winter's afternoon. Down in the narrow streets and alleys of the old town, one meets the



Clearing a Wreck in Cornwall (after Rowlandson)

Photographs by courtesy of Mr. J. A. D. Bridger

district were built of wreck timber. The inhabitants, he says, were enraged by his action, 'complaining that I take away *God's grace* from them. By this they mean that they will receive no more benefit from shipwrecks. They have been so long used to reap profit by the calamity of shipping that they claim it as an hereditary right'. The fact that the Killigrew family themselves were among the most out-and-out pirates and wreckers that Cornwall has ever known, does not affect the truth of this particular statement.

men coming out from their houses, dressed in their yellow oilskins and sou'wester hats. Their great sea-boots go clump, clump over the cobbles as they make their way down towards the harbour. Here everything is bustle and activity. The days of mast and sail are, of course, over, and the throb of petrol engines has now replaced the creaking of ropes in the pulley blocks, and the strain of canvas tautening in the wind. All the same, the harbour is still a picturesque sight. At the end of the granite quays, you will see the women standing with shawls around their heads, proudly yet anxiously watching the men, as they make ready in the boats below. One by one, the engines are started up and the boats go streaking out across the bay. Very soon the whole herring fleet is swallowed up in the blackness of the night. The boats are owned by the fishermen themselves. Instead of wages they share the profits of the fish—when there are any. But proud though they are of being their own masters, their livelihood is the most precarious of any set of workers in the country. The migrations of the shoals of fish are in themselves sufficiently chancy to make their work a gamble. Added to this, the men are utterly dependent on the fish buyers for the return on such catches as they make.



Cornish fisherwoman with her cowl
Photograph: Gibson, Penzance

No industry, it is safe to say, stands in greater need of reorganisation than the fish trade. Owing to the present cumbrous method of distribution, I believe it to be a fact that of every £1 worth of fish consumed by the public, after a large catch, 15s. 6d. goes to the middlemen, 2s. to the railways, and only 2s. 6d. to the fisherman who has risked his life and capital to obtain it. That the system whereby a herring, for which he has been paid a farthing should be sold in a shop round the corner for 2d. or 2½d. is wrong, the fisherman knows well enough. But being an individualist to the heart's core, he is also a fatalist, and when times are bad, as at present, he merely sinks deeper and deeper into the slough of insolvency. His children, however, are growing up with the fixed determination that they, at any rate, will no longer endure the hardships of an industry in which the returns are so inadequate and so unfairly distributed.

Until recent years, the most important branch of the Cornish fishing industry was the inshore catching of pilchards. The shoals of pilchards generally reached the coast of Cornwall about harvest time. Watch was kept for their arrival by men known as 'huers', who were posted along the cliff tops. From there the pilchards could be seen moving like a reddish-brown streak just under the surface of the water. As soon as the fish were sighted, the 'huers' would begin to signal frantically to the boats which awaited their orders on the sea below. In a matter of a few minutes, the great seine net—a quarter of a mile long—would be pulled round in a large circle, and then drawn in towards the beach with its silvery mass of fish. On occasions, as many as thirty million pilchards have been caught in this way in an hour. From the seine nets, the pilchards were carried at top speed to the fish cellars. Here they were laid in stacks, with alternate layers of salt, and afterwards pressed to extract the oil. This work had to be done at high pressure, and often went on far into the night, and for many nights in

succession. Men, women and children would lend their aid from all the surrounding villages, and no one thought of sleep or rest till the precious fish were saved.

The chief market for Cornish pilchards was Italy, where they were used during the Lenten fast. This explains the once popular Cornish toast:

Here's a health to the Pope! may he love to repent
And add just six months to the term of his Lent,
And tell all his vassals from Rome to the Poles
There's nothing like pilchards for saving their souls!

The pilchard seining industry is now at an end, since the shoals of fish have ceased for a good many years past to come close inshore. Pilchards, of course, are still landed in the Cornish ports, but they are now caught in drift nets, and mostly far out at sea.

The drift net has cork floats attached to it along one edge. One end of the net is fastened to the boat and the net is carried out by the strong flowing tide. Sometimes twenty or more nets are fastened one on to the other, so that the whole combination may be over a mile in length. It is a moving experience to hear the hastily uttered prayer of the crew—'Lord, spare our labour and send them in with a blessing, Amen', as the first of the long train of nets is consigned to the deep. Few visitors, however, know that in the first of the cork floats a silver coin is often embedded. Though this is done today more perhaps in jest than in earnest, it is the fulfilment of a yet more ancient custom, intended originally, no doubt, to propitiate the pagan Gods of the Sea.

Down to a generation ago, the spring mackerel fishery was another very important branch of the Cornish industry. The great fleet of fast-sailing Mount's Bay mackerel boats, racing home to port in time to catch the train to London, was one of the sights of the West. But this also is now a departed glory. The plain fact is that the Cornish share-fishermen with their little boats have been outstripped by their better-equipped rivals in the field. The east-country fleet of steam drifters, which for many years past have visited the Cornish waters, are not only able to fish with three times the length of net, but owing to their size are far less dependent upon weather. Unrestricted trawling throughout the English Channel has also added to the train of disaster. For the trawlers in using small mesh nets not only destroy the immature fish, but, by breaking up the larger shoals, are robbing the inshore fisherman by cutting off his supplies at the source.

The Cornish fishermen themselves, owing to the smallness of their boats, and for other reasons, have never taken to deep-



'Huer' signalling with trumpet

sea trawling. The catching of herrings with drift nets, the hook and line fishery, crabbing, and the inshore seining for pilchards, have always constituted the main branches of their industry. But, faced as they now are with the entire loss of seining and the greater part of their drift fishery, the time has come when their industry *must* be reorganised if it is to survive. In this the Cornish fishermen will undoubtedly have to sacrifice much of their former independence. They will have, too, to say goodbye to the boats of which they have been so long their own masters. This, indeed, may seem a tragic note on which to end, but the alternative, I fear, is practical extinction.

Applying Psychology to Social Needs

By Professor F. A. P. AVELING

THOUGH men have in fact been immensely interested in themselves for many centuries, though they have thought about themselves and their social institutions from every point of view, it is only within very recent years that psychology has adopted the scientific outlook, and begun the spade work of investigating the workings of the human mind by the exact methods of natural science.

This curious fact is reflected in the history of the growth of the British Association. Founded in 1831, with physical, mathematical, and some of the biological sciences as its chief interest, psychology was only granted right of citizenship as a science by the Association ninety years later. Until that date it was hardly possible to recognise it as a science, so largely was it still numbered with philosophical interests, and overladen with the dust of dead speculative thought. Indeed, in the eyes of the general public it is still a branch of philosophy rather than a science. In popular esteem today—and to judge by the widespread use of many of its technical terms and expressions, it is now extremely popular—psychology is still a kind of knowledge based rather upon speculative thinking than upon any truly scientific achievements. And this is scarcely to be wondered at; for it takes time for any science so rapidly growing and expanding to filter out from laboratory and class-room and clinic, and seep into the mind of the general public.

Nevertheless, psychology is now a recognised branch of science and, what is more, it has become a branch of practical, or applied, science as well. This aspect of it has been increasingly stressed of recent years by the psychologists of the Association; and it is perhaps from this angle rather than any other that the public can best appreciate its scientific character and value.

Few People Know Themselves

While most of the applications of physical science are commonplaces, so that you all may be said to be practically familiar with them, there are comparatively few people who are familiar with any of the applications to social needs and problems of psychology. Applied psychology is almost as wholly closed a book to the public at large as is the theoretical kind. True, people may talk of 'bodies' and 'souls', or 'minds', in the old philosophical way. They may speak of 'instinct', 'intelligence', or 'memory', and realise vaguely that individuals differ in the strength of their impulses, the degree of their intelligence, and the amount of their power to recall what they have experienced in the past. But all this is based on gross observation only. It is not brought to the fine point of measurement that is required in science, and, accordingly, it is not scientifically applicable in any practical manner.

Again, people may use the jargon of such expressions as 'inhibitions' and 'complexes', and yet have no real scientific grasp of the meaning of the terms—still less of how the mental processes they signify can be practically dealt with by the medical psychologist in curing disease, or by the criminologist in the prevention of crime. Though every one of you is a conscious being, and cannot but always carry about with him his senses and his intellect, his instincts, memory, and so on; though you all say even (and in all likelihood *do*) suffer from obscure inhibitions and mild compulsions; this lack of information on the subject of psychology is easily understood, though it means in fact that we have even less scientific knowledge of ourselves than we have of our wireless sets. Theory and construction aside, at least everyone who owns a radio is able to tune it in to different wavelengths. But very few people understand the principles on which their own minds are constructed, and how they work; and few indeed can successfully tune themselves in, or help to tune others in, to all the varying complexities of actual life and living. Accordingly, since it cannot but be of interest, and is certainly of importance, it may be worth while to give some brief account, not of general principles, but rather of some of the practical applications of psychological science to social problems.

The Psychologist and the School

First: the great social service of Education. This was one of the fields in which scientific psychology early made its influence felt; for the educationalists handed over some of their problems to the psychologists for solution. Consider memory, for instance, which plays an indispensable part in learning; since it is in our memories that we store up for future use whatever we learn. In the old days there was much learning by rote, by dogged repetition, often with little or no understanding of what had to be learned. This meant immense labour for scanty returns. Today we know that memory is an inborn power, varying in strength from one person to another; and that it cannot be improved. But it was found that the methods of learning could be vastly improved; so that with less expenditure of labour better results could be obtained. Apart from intelligent learning (observation and understanding instead of mere repetition), it was shown that a much greater gain could be made by learning globally, or in whole passages, than by parts, as generally used to be done. Again, a great saving of labour results from spacing out the spells of learning, rather than trying to learn all at once. And, further, it was found that the very effort to recall what had to be learned helped also in its retention. This is true, not only for learning by heart, as we say, but also for learning a dexterity, skill, or handicraft. These results of psychological research can be, and are, applied in education; and, incidentally, they are as useful to adults in learning as they are in the case of children.

Another problem was that of intelligence. At the beginning of the century, educational authorities were faced with the question of backwardness in the schools. Was this due to inability to learn, or laziness, or faulty teaching? The problem was handed over to psychology for solution; and a series of mental tests was devised, by which the pure intellectual ability of the children, rather than their range of information and school attainments, could be measured. If a child had ability, he *could* learn, whether he had done so or not. If, and to the degree that, ability was lacking, there was no use expecting too much of him. This was the beginning of mental testing which, as we shall see, has been put to all sorts of social uses, educational and otherwise. It is one of the outstanding triumphs of applied psychology. By the use of tests children can be graded according to their mental levels, rather than merely by age or attainment, and given teaching in accordance with their intellectual ability.

Such grading, however, might mean that the older dullards were taught the same lessons, and in the same classes, as the brighter youngsters; and this would bring factors other than intelligence into play—factors undesirable from the educational point of view. Older children, for instance, often have serious emotional troubles when graded with younger ones. Such factors must be taken into account; for education consists not merely in imparting information, but in developing and training all the mental powers in the fullest sense. The difficulty has been met in various ways, all based on psychological considerations. Reconstitution of classes, even reorganisation of the whole school has been useful. The 'project method' of individual study has been highly successful; and the like. These newer methods touch the question of incentives to study, and incentives in general, very closely; and link up the intellectual side of the child with that of his emotional and moral nature. Personal motives for work are thus provided; ideal goals are formed in his mind; and qualities of character are given full scope to develop and grow strong. In this way modern scientific education attempts to train our future citizens. The same mental tests enable the educationalist to differentiate retarded, sub-normal, and feeble-minded children from normal ones; and (since facilities are now usually provided) to draft them into special schools for appropriate treatment and training.

Coping with the Social Misfit

Though we now have better evidence, both of the fact and of its causes, it has long been known that character-

trends emerge, and become relatively fixed, in the very early years of the child's life. At an exceedingly early age he may begin to develop anti-social behaviour. Emotionally and morally he may become in a variety of ways mal-adjusted to his social surroundings. He may, as one says, be a 'nervous' child, or 'difficult', or 'naughty', or even criminally disposed. He is accordingly more or less a social misfit. The old adage was: 'Spare the rod and spoil the child'; but the principles of more scientific psychology teach us that such children are generally to be pitied rather than punished, and that mental rather than physical measures are indicated. These newer principles are applied with outstanding success in the child-guidance clinics—regrettably only too few—that have sprung up throughout the country. Here the child's difficulties—for him very real—as well as his special disabilities, are taken into account; and he is helped to readjust himself to his social environment.

The last example of psychology successfully applied to a problem in social education leads us on naturally to the sphere of psychological medicine. Empirically, crude psychological methods have been employed time out of mind in the treatment of disease; but no such immense strides forward were ever made in this direction until the beginning of the present century. And this forward movement in practice was due to an advance in scientific theory. To omit the long list of 'cures' that stretches from ancient 'temple-healings' and magical incantations to modern 'faith-cures' of all kinds; it was only when an adequate view of the human mind and its obscure workings was reached that any really scientific attempt could be made to deal with diseases of mental rather than of physical origin—diseases that are far more prevalent than most people realise. Indeed, if we add to these the mental complications of physical disease, there are few cases of illness left over that cannot at least be helped by psychological treatment.

Down to the Unconscious

Now, what were the theories concerning the mind that contributed to this advance in medical practice? First, there was the view that, besides the workings of our minds which account for our ordinary consciousness (our seeing and hearing, our feelings and emotions, our desires and strivings) there are other workings that go on obscurely and unconsciously. We may call these 'psychoid', or mind-like, in distinction from 'psychic', or mental. Apart from clinical observation, there is much scientific, and even experimental, evidence for this view: that wishes and feelings and emotions (and even perceptions and trains of thought) occur unconsciously within us. Taken collectively, these 'psychoid' processes are known as the Unconscious. This is an immense subject, which we cannot examine in detail here; and, fortunately for our purpose, it is not necessary. It is enough to develop one point. Just as we have conscious wishes and emotional desires and aversions, so, in this view, we have unconscious ones; and, just as we strive to gratify the former, so unconsciously we tend also to satisfy the latter kind. They work within us as unconscious, but yet active and powerful motives. And these unconscious tendencies or strivings issue in abnormal forms of behaviour, and in the diseases known as the 'psycho-neuroses'; which may take all manner of forms, from irrational fears to bodily paralyses, from compulsive actions to intense localised pains. They may simulate almost every known kind of disorder. Further, we must take this view of the unconscious together with what has already been said of the exceedingly early formation of character-trends in the child. The wishes, desires and aversions festering in the psycho-neurotic beneath the level of his conscious life, are conceived to be of the nature of infantile emotions, dating back in their origin to the very first years of life, and generally of the nature of fears. If these can be uprooted—extracted like decaying teeth, or discharged like pus from an abscess—a cure may be effected.

It is precisely in the light of such theory that the medical psychologist brings about his cures. He probes, by deep mental analysis, to the root of the trouble in the unconscious mind; he discovers the seat of the malady, and removes the cause of the distemper. He thus performs an immense individual and social service—a service which would be even the greater were it possible for him, as has been suggested, to use his art in a preventive, as well as in a curative way. The time may be remote when mental hygiene becomes as common as dental hygiene in our schools; but it is a most desirable aim, and

though perhaps difficult, is certainly not impossible of achievement. When we remember how many grown adults find social contacts difficult or impossible; how many are incapacitated by fears, anxieties and obsessions, and suffer unnecessary pain; how many homes are unhappy and families wrecked because of a lack of early mental hygiene, we shall surely rate this part of the physician's work no less highly than that with which we are more familiar.

This question of medical psychology links up again with criminology; for it is now recognised that much crime, like much disease, is to be traced to the same unconscious source. Here another great social service is rendered by the 'court psychologists', to whom, as in America, youthful offenders are handed over for curative treatment by the judges of the children's courts.

Psychology in Industry

There remains the third division of psychology as applied in industry, where of late years the human factor has been increasingly studied. Great forward strides here, too, have been made both in theory and practice. For example, in many instances, it has been found that an actually increased output is secured by cutting down the length of the working day; by the interposing of short rest-periods in the working hours; by a different arrangement of layout, or change in the routine of work from place to place in the factory, and the like. Such alterations in working conditions are based on sound principles; but we must remember that every case must be investigated on its own merits, so that they may be applied to the best advantage of employers and workers alike. Though this chiefly concerns output and dexterity, or skill, other mental factors, however, are involved also, if understanding between employers and employed is to be fostered, and real incentives for the work provided. Abolition, or decrease, of fatigue, emotional tranquillity, contentment, legitimate satisfaction in work, and the like, may be secured by such methods; all of which go far towards preserving the self-respect and happiness of the worker, and preventing social unrest and disorder.

The Right Man for the Right Job

The outstanding contribution of industrial psychology to social problems is that of vocational guidance, by which the road to probable success in life is pointed out to aspirants for employments of all kinds. The social aim is to have no square pegs in round holes; but pegs can only be nicely fitted to holes if we know which are the round ones and which the square. Pegs and holes must be carefully observed and measured before a satisfactory adjustment can be made. The vocational guide knows the physical and mental requirements of the different trades and professions; he has made a detailed analysis of them; he has studied the regional labour or professional demand. He knows what kind of candidate is wanted for what kind of work. It remains for him to discover the aptitudes of the candidates. And this he does by mental testing. We have already seen what testing for intelligence is. Clearly, this is required; for intelligence is an important factor in nearly everyone's career. But other special aptitudes are also needed for special kinds of work—sharpness of the senses, accuracy of judgment, speed of adaptation to changing conditions, manipulative and mechanical ability, and many more. All these must be tested and measured also. Further, there are character-qualities—truthfulness, honesty, emotional stability, persistence, perseverance—to be considered; for these, or lack of them, may make or mar a man embarking on any given career. When all such mental factors have been estimated, the vocational guide has an insight into the whole personality of his candidate, in the light of which he can give really useful advice as to the choice of a career.

Now, this is a fairly large claim to advance in the name of applied psychology, and, if substantiated, it is of the utmost social value. But the claim does not rest on theory only; it has been fully substantiated in practice. Not only during the Great War, when nearly two million raw recruits for the American Army were drafted for special training into special camps on the strength of such tests (and successfully trained there), but since then, in civilian life, tens of thousands of young people have been directed towards suitable careers by the use of these psychological methods; and in this country there is now at least one most flourishing institution that specialises in the work.

The World on the Move—V. United States



Devastation wrought by the drought in the Middle West. Withered cornstalks, near Omaha, Nebraska. Inset—A grim reminder of the effect of the drought on the cattle

Associated Press



Roosevelt's critics have their joke with this rubber dollar-bill, sold all over the States



Camps in the Death Valley, California, of the Civilian Conservation Corps which trains young men and sets them to afforestation and other public works

Photograph: U.S. Signal Corps



President Roosevelt giving a public address, after his return from his holiday, upon the site of the new Bonneville Dam Project



Unemployed, engaged in afforestation work under the Department of Agriculture, scattering seed in Wasatch National Forest, Utah
E.N.A.



Bread line in Broadway. This queue of unemployed is waiting outside the emergency relief kitchen in Times Square, New York City

Associated Press



Naval hospital ship being renovated and equipped to house Philadelphia's casual unemployed

Wide World



'Community thrift garden', established by Local Chamber of Commerce for Californian unemployed, who work under an expert and are paid a fair wage. The produce is given to the wholly or partly destitute

E.N.A.



Pulling down condemned tenements in New York City to make way for the construction of a new public playground



Another scheme to ease unemployment: Reedsdale Subsistence Project (West Virginia), where 50 new self-supporting model homesteads are being erected

Wide World



Project for the control of the Missouri River at Fort Peck Dam. A million dollar bridge (shown foreground) is being built for the transport of the materials for making four diversion tunnels each more than a mile long. On the hills at the back is rising a new Government town designed by Army engineers to house more than 6,000 people



Dr. William Beebe and his assistant being lowered in their Bathysphere (2-ton sealed chamber) into the sea off Bermuda, where they descended to a depth of over 3,000 ft.

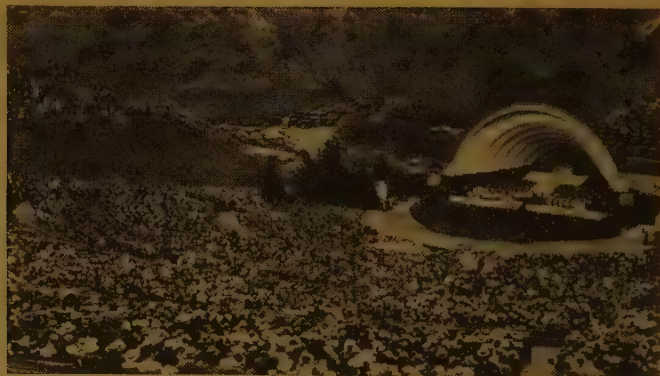


All-aluminum train, which holds world's record for speed (1,015 miles in 13 hrs. 5 minutes) exhibited at Chicago



One of the greatest engineering works of the age in progress: Boulder Dam at the bottom of the Canyon of the Colorado River

Photographs: Wide World

Launch of the *Dewey*, one of the newest U.S. destroyers*Wide World*

Mass-religious worship. Easter Sunrise Service in Hollywood Bowl

Associated Press

Senator Huey Long—the dictator of New Orleans—ordering a batch of bills to be forced through the State legislature

Acme

Sculpture by an inmate of Sing-Sing, shown in an exhibition of prisoners' work held in New York

Wide World

Articles found in the 'Dillinger Hospital'—an assortment of medical and criminal aids found in a gangster's home recently in Chicago

Acme

Procession of 10,000 Communists at Los Angeles



Front line of National Guardsmen called out to help police in recent riots during Minneapolis strike

Wide World

Religion

Science and Faith

By the Very Rev. Principal SIR GEORGE ADAM SMITH

A Sermon preached before the members of the British Association in Aberdeen, and broadcast, on September 9

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills. From whence shall my help come? My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth. Psalm cxxi, 1, 2.

We get the full meaning of this Psalm only by reading the words 'From whence cometh my help?' as a question. Our older version takes them as a statement, as though the Psalmist looking to the mountains felt his help breaking and shouting from their heights like waterfalls. But, with the Revised Version, we ought to read the words as a question. The Psalmist looks up to the hills not because his help is stored there but because the sight of them stirs within him an intense hope. Forthwith his heart fills with the prayer 'From whence cometh, or 'shall come', 'my help?' and with the answer, 'My help cometh from the Lord', the Personal Name of God, 'Who hath made Heaven and Earth'. Nature presents him with the vision of a Personal Creator and of His Purposes for man.

A prophet has said, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings!' But to our Psalmist the mountains are the threshold for a Divine arrival. Up there God Himself is afoot. Upon a pure and hungry heart that is what a mountain-view will always effect. 'A hill-top', says a recent writer, 'is a moral, as well as a physical elevation'. He is right, or men would not have worshipped on hill-tops, nor high places have become synonymous with altars and temples. Whether we climb or gaze at them, mountains produce in us that mingling of moral and physical emotion in which lies the temper of true worship. They inspire patience and peace. They speak of faithfulness and guardianship. But chiefly they are the sacraments of hope. That high steadfast line, how it raises the spirits, lifts the soul from depression and care! They seclude us from trifles and sordid temptations. They give to the mind the fellowship of greatness, moral conditions in which we can realise God acting.

To this Psalmist the hope and longing which the hills excited they also satisfied by the revelation of a Person. Through Nature and her hills he sees a Mind, a Character, a Purpose. He sees his Helper. Life may be hallowed by no thought more powerfully than by this, that it is watched and guarded; nor is peace secured by any stronger trust than that the Almighty Himself assumes responsibility for it; nor has the work of men ever been inspired by a keener sense of their being put upon their honour than when they feel that God has given it to them. These are the fundamental pieties of the soul.

No truth was more steadily pressed upon Israel than that all their life, national and individual, lay in the sight and in the care of God—not a God far off, but by our side, as the Psalm declares, a shade on our right hand, the Comrade as well as the Sentinel of men, their Champion as well as their Watchman, Whom we need in all our going out and our coming in. Reverence for Him is therefore not enough. His personal care for us calls out our gratitude and our love.

Such then for nearly two thousand years has been the vision which Nature has presented to Christian faith, and to other religions: the vision of a Personal God, the vision of a Mind and Character and Purpose immanent in the material universe, the Origin and Basis of all substance and life, the Creator Himself.

The truth of that has, of course, been denied again and again, sometimes by a philosophic pantheism, which, while acknowledging a divine immanence in Nature, denies to this any form of personality, and sometimes by a sheer and often crude materialism, which claiming to speak in the name of strict science, refuses to see in matter and its constituent elements any proof or sign of divinity whatsoever. But of late there has been evinced by both biologists and leading authorities in physical science and mathematics a very striking return towards and (to put it broadly) a convergence upon the Christian position of faith in a Personal Creator of all living matter and its constituents.

The history of this convergence or approach is well worth following. It is not so new as some of its recent exponents have imagined. Centuries ago Bacon wrote 'a little philosophy

inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion'. The claim has been made for Hegel that 'he massively demonstrates the implications of mind and spirit in the creative process', but Hegel's influence on his followers has been oftener that of pantheism than that of theism, or faith in a Personal Deity.

Naturally the nearest modern convergence of science towards belief in a Personal Creator has been that of biology. The eminent German biologist Professor Driesch in an essay on 'The Breakdown of Materialism' recognises that 'the mechanical laws of physics and chemistry are inadequate to explain biological phenomena, and render it probable that new concepts peculiar to biology will have to be created'. From his own experiments Driesch holds that 'an organism has a mind-like factor associated with it'. And fellow-essayists in the same volume find 'reason and order everywhere in the Universe, in which law is dominant. . . . Law which is inconceivable without intelligence, its inevitable antecedent'. And the late Professor John Arthur Thomson affirmed that—

—there is in Nature a cumulative suggestion of purpose, but purpose cannot reside in the system of Nature, it must be referred to an Author. . . . There does not seem anything preposterous in the idea that man should receive something from Nature analogous to that which he receives from art—from music in particular—for Nature is a great artist. The history of religions shows clearly that as man's need grew . . . his God also grew, and one of his needs is 'an appreciation and interpretation of the world which modern science describes. This must enter into our conception of God.'¹

With the development since Darwin of the theory of Evolution the assertion arose of new and alleged conclusive reasons for denying the faith in a Personal Creator and in consequence for fresh opposition between science and religion. It is remarkable that for the haste and bitterness of this revived antagonism between science and religion theologians have been far more to blame than scientists. For theologians of all people should not have failed to see that their Scriptures, which in their own belief are the Word of God Himself, present what is perhaps the most remarkable display of evolution which human history has to show us. From first to last the Old Testament is the tale of the gradual development, not only intellectual but moral, of the conception of God from being that of a mere national deity to that of the Father and Creator of all mankind—from being that of a God of wrath irreconcilable to that of One of infinite pity and grace, Who not only judges men and guides them by His Providence and Law, but intimately argues with them about their problems and perplexities, and Himself enters into and shares all the pain of their sufferings, struggles and temptations: 'in all their affliction He was afflicted'. And we know how the New Testament endorses this view of the religious history of Israel affirming that God's full revelation of Himself in His Son Jesus Christ came only 'in the fulness of the times', God, because of the 'hardness of men's hearts' and the slowness of their minds, being Himself unable to make that revelation any sooner.

When in America some years ago I was invited to address a congress of Fundamentalists—in the theological sense of that term—and I devoted my address to reminding them of this religious evolution which is evident in the Scriptures from first to last. Whereupon I was assailed by shouts 'We don't call that Evolution; we call it Progress'—a singular instance of the undeserved obloquy which religious people so often attach to a scientific term or name.

There is no just reason for supposing that evolution means the denial of a Personal God or need lead to any new opposition between science and religion. On the contrary, religion is here as elsewhere deeply indebted to science. In the proved gradual evolution of our universe and of the gradual ascent of man there is every proof of a Creator Who can wait and Who does wait, to Whom 'one day is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day'. As Professor J. S. Haldane says,

Philosophy leads us not to the conception of a perfect God existing apart from what is very clearly an imperfect Universe but of a continuously living and acting God manifested in progressive creation of

¹ *The Great Design*. Edited by Frances Mason. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

[†] *Science and Religion*. By J. Arthur Thomson. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

what we recognise as higher . . . In fellowship with others our mere individual interests are overborne through the existence of what we recognise as truth and right and beauty. The recognition of this fundamental fact we also express when we say that we acknowledge the existence (and the presence within us) of God. It is to a Universe which is a manifestation of God that the analysis of our experience finally leads. God is the personality of personalities*.

But it is not biology alone, or philosophy explaining biology, which has contributed to the modern convergence of science upon faith in a Personal Creator of the universe. Physicists and mathematicians have also joined in it. Nothing in our day has been more striking than their growing dissatisfaction with merely material conceptions of the world and man—a dissatisfaction expressed with caution and fairness to other views but tending ever to the same conclusions as the biologists.

Besides that famous mathematician de Maupertuis, the originator in the eighteenth century of the principle of Least Action, there was a Scotsman, Andrew M. Ramsay, who about 1720 wrote an essay with the title *Ethicis Principia ordine mathematica enucleata* (*The Principles of Ethics clearly unfolded by Mathematical Order*), and who followed this in 1748 by a volume, which he named *Philosophical Principles of Natural and Revealed Religion Unfolded by Geometrical Order*, maintaining that such geometrical order is 'certainly the most exact way of reasoning, the most proper to convince others and to undeceive ourselves'†.

Following these early pioneers, but with a reserve, a caution, a justice and therefore a reasonableness all their own, it is the physicists and mathematicians of today who may be regarded as the most powerful authors of the convergence of science upon the religious explanations of the universe, and belief not only upon a divine immanence therein but even on the probability of a Personal Creator. Towards such conclusions they have been moved by recognising that the impulse of the quest of what is behind or in matter is a part of our very nature, that there are laws of thought which must be accepted before the laws of nature, and by the appreciation of spiritual values which at least suggest if they do not prove the existence of an Absolute Valuer.

As one of their leaders, Professor A. S. Eddington, puts it‡:

We see man not as a bundle of sensory impressions, but conscious of purpose and responsibilities to which the external world is subordinate and from this perspective we recognise a spiritual world alongside the physical world. . . . Life would be stunted and narrow if we could feel no significance in the world around us beyond that which can be weighed or measured with the tools of the physicist, or described by the metrical symbols of the mathematician. . . . We all know that there are regions of the human spirit untrammelled by the world of physics. . . . The physicist now regards his own external world in a way that I can only describe as more mystical, though not less exact and practical than that which prevailed some years ago, when it was taken for granted that nothing could be true unless an engineer could make a model of it. . . . In the mystic sense of the creation around us, in a yearning towards God the soul grows upward, and finds the fulfilment of something implanted in its nature—an inner light proceeding from a greater power than ours. . . . The idea of a Universal Mind or Logos would be, I think, a fairly plausible inference from the present state of scientific theory, at least it is in harmony with it.

Similar are the conclusions of Sir James Jeans§.

Few will be found to doubt that some re-orientation of scientific thought is called for. . . . It is my own view that the final direction of change will probably be away from the materialism and strict determinism which characterised nineteenth century physics towards something which will accord better with our everyday experience. The new line of advance has led us to a science no longer in flat contradiction with our intuitions and the experience of everyday life.

In particular mechanism with its implications has dropped out of the scheme of science. The new picture of Nature must inevitably involve mind as well as matter—the mind which perceives and the matter which is perceived—and must be more mental in character than the fallacious picture which preceded it.

Such, then, are the cautious tendencies and confident hopes, the fair and well-reasoned if not absolute conclusions of modern science. They distinctly indicate that no longer is there any cause for those distressing controversies which embittered the tempers and warped the minds of our fathers only a few years ago, but that science and religion may pursue their respective lines of duty in peace and harmony, ever vigilant it is true, but each of them reverencing, rejoicing in and supplementing the advance of the other, in equal obedience to Truth and the Divine Will.

Which of us does not stand in need of such a God and of the personal help He is waiting to give us—such a God as religion proclaims and science no longer denies? Twofold is

the loneliness of life when none of us can do without Him: the loneliness of the height and the loneliness of the deep. The loneliness of the height when a man is called to the leadership of others or to the duty of a great decision, or to the quest of a new truth or the vision of a new ideal. The king, the statesman, the father, the thinker, the scientist all know this loneliness which for the moment a man must bear by himself. And there is the loneliness of the deep, of depression or despair upon the sense of failure, or of temptation and of guilt, or of death the last darkness and loneliness itself. Who can lift us thence, Who can set us on our feet again with a new song in our mouth, save God Himself, our loving and forgiving Father, and Jesus Christ His Son, Who was tempted in all points as we are, Who hath said, 'Fight the good fight of faith; to him that overcometh I will give a crown of life, even as I also overcame'.

And remember, to our faith add love, for without love all religion is hollow and vain—that love of which St. Paul says alike to the professors of religion and to the scientists, 'Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing; but love never faileth'. Love never faileth.

Elegy

Luctus in morte infantis

Count them as they cluster
Like young frond around
That passing throne a cloud
Embellishing their master!

Thousand on thousand, charming
The upward birds, that ascend
To take the recent hand
In support in first performing.

O that adept evader
Of the bubble or bomb
Who from the immediate womb
Leaped cloudward, to border

The budded throne! He, though scarce
Earth breathing once
Intuitively analysed the air
Contagious of fatal and sour

Ill, so sprang
Immaculate with his spring
Upon the sky's steps
Laughing with his leaps.

His radiant flesh is
Interchangeable
With his spirit's iridescence;
Which up flies we cannot tell

Distinguishing only the flash
Of that ascendant flame,
For barely his spirit flesh
In being became.

O in summer he came with roses
And with them rose
Over the rose trees, and over
The mountains and the roseate clouds, never

With next summer or after
To visit with them, and laughter,
The gardens, nor to know
From whom he was called to go.

GEORGE BARKER

* *The Philosophical Basis of Biology*. By J. S. Haldane. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. † G. D. Henderson, *Mystics of the North-East*, page 184 and note 2, just published by the Spalding Club, Aberdeen. ‡ *The Nature of the Physical World*. Cambridge University Press. 5s. § *The New Background of Science*. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

*The New Christendom**The Field is the World*

By SIR EVELYN WRENCH

Introducing a series of accounts of work in the mission field in all its aspects, which will be given on the fourth Sunday in each month

I WISH I knew how many of those I am speaking to do not believe in missions—it is to them that I want especially to speak. You know the kind of things so often said to one. 'Why should we send missionaries to the far parts of the world to upset the natives in their beliefs? They do an infinity of harm; once you tamper with the native's beliefs, you turn him into a scoundrel. I would never have a Christian native about my home', and so on. People who use arguments like this forget that it was, alas, very often the western traders and navigators who first disturbed the life of the native, and it was only thanks to the missionary that some of the moral havoc wrought by the coming of the white man was partially undone.

I am going to ask you not to think of missionary effort, however, exclusively as sending a few hundred devoted men and women into the far parts of the world, such as China and India, to preach the Gospel, but to implore every one of my hearers to take part in a new Crusade on behalf of the New Christendom, to join in a Crusade; the object of which has as its field nothing less than the whole world—for God so loved the world that he gave Christ to it. The missionary cause that I want to advocate is a fresh attempt, the greatest one you and I have ever made, definitely and once for all, to take Christ for our leader and try and create His Kingdom here and now, at home in Great Britain, in Europe, America, Asia, Africa and Australia. There is no part of the world to which our Lord's teaching does not apply.

The one real lesson a fairly strenuous life, which has included many years' travel in far places, has taught me, is that all our political and other enthusiasms are worthless—and I know these are strong words—unless they are leading us to Christ. Believe me, there is nothing else that matters in the world today; it is a question of Christ or chaos. If only we could establish Christ's Kingdom and proclaim ourselves as His followers, then half the fears that assail the world would vanish. Our Lord's whole life stood for unity.

The Christian message was not addressed to any one people, there was no racial discrimination in it—'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature', and 'Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations'. And when you had gone to other nations, what had you to do—not to tell your followers that yours was the finest nation in the world, but 'to love your neighbour as yourself'. I believe this is the only basis on which civilisation can be saved. If we permit the false prophets, who are preaching 'Your own nation first', who extol the superiority of certain racial strains, who claim that their own people are supermen, who advocate class-hatred, who magnify the glories of war, who use the sword to remove their enemies and those that disagree with them—if, I say, we permit these false prophets to triumph, we shall only have ourselves to thank; we shall have deliberately turned our backs on Christ.

There come great moments in history when vital decisions have to be made, when men's minds are in flux. Such a one is upon us now. Mankind has struck its tents and is on the march, and God alone knows where we are marching to. But we are free agents, and although we may not understand the mystery of freewill, we do know that we can either choose to be spectators of the great struggle between the forces of light and darkness, or we can take our place in the ranks. I think the next ten years are very largely going to decide the fate of humanity. Just as 1900 years ago Christ's life—that brief span of thirty-three years—was more important than all the dim æons of time that had gone before, so, I believe, the next half-century may well be another turning point in the world's history.

Such has been the advance of scientific discovery, so rapid has been the forward march of invention, that all of a sudden, since the Great War, East and West are face to face. There is a tremendous impact; ancient civilisations are suddenly confronted with the modern western world. I spent last Easter in Jerusalem. As I flew back to Cairo after my visit and looked down from the clouds on the stony hills of Judea, and recog-

nised one by one the landmarks of the Holy City, I had an overwhelming sensation of the coming clash of ideals which will shortly face us. Is the West—and owing to the widespread nature of the British Commonwealth it impinges on every civilisation—is the West going to show the East that Christianity is a reality to it, that it is not approaching the problems of Asia and Africa with thoughts of national or economic advantage? That Christ's message, the Christ Spirit is as much needed in the East as it is in the West. That it behoves us to make the greatest missionary effort we have ever made, in no narrow spirit of western superiority, but as men and brothers.

World organisation no longer seems so simple as it did; in the peaceful days of the Edwardian era we thought the world was steadily marching to better times, although in our own Empire there were occasional murmurings and rumbling of the coming racial discontent. The past fourteen years have in many ways been an age of disillusionment. The coloured man no longer sets the white man on a pinnacle; increasing travel, the film, the War, the press, have all contributed to his changed outlook. No political panacea will unite the continents in the last resort. Christianity, proclaimed by men who lead Christian lives, is the only cure for the breach between East and West. Christ's message is eternal. When it is given in its richness and in its simplicity, it reaches the hearts of men, whatever the colour of their skins. Christianity is not just one religion among many, it is *religion* in all its fulness—the way of life of mankind.

You cannot take up a newspaper in the western world without reading some speech about the economic problems of the day. We are informed by speaker after speaker in all industrial countries that the solution to our ills is to increase consumption; once get the natives of Asia and Africa and the backward peoples generally to consume more, and the problems of western prosperity will be solved. Hence we all devote much of our time to trying to send more and more of our exports to other continents. We watch the expanding total of British motor-car exports with pride—not that I wish to minimise their importance. The best brains are employed in devising fresh ways of capturing native markets. We export our films and our 'talkies'. We are shipping abroad an ever-increasing number of aircraft. Our inventors are constantly devising methods whereby the speed of our aeroplanes may be increased. In a very few years we shall fly from London to Cairo in a day, to India in two or three days, to Cape Town in four or five days. Space really will have been annihilated. The Antipodes will be at our door—East and West will be side by side, for better or worse. The racial problems we have had to deal with in the past will be as nothing compared with those now facing us. But how much of our time and energy do we give to the problem of sharing Christ's message—that is to say, if we believe it is the lodestar of humanity—with the peoples of other lands—which is the one really vital matter?

Try and organise a world from which distance has been eliminated on a basis of ourselves alone, of self-interest, of 'might is right', and you make Armageddon inevitable. Christ offers us the only possible solution to our problem. If we believe that an ultimate federation of mankind is feasible, Christians—that means you and me—must be up and doing, here and now. I can hear some critic say 'I am not interested in ultimate ideals for mankind, I am an Englishman, and shall follow the leader who pursues a policy of splendid isolation and keeps us out of Europe's and the world's troubles'. Once a conflagration starts, no one can foretell in what direction the wind will blow it. Sooner or later another world war would engulf us too.

The vision before us is that of gradually building up an ordered society, in the British Empire, in Europe, in the world. Sooner or later man must learn to co-operate, or our civilisation will perish. Islam and Buddhism have each their contribution to give, but Christianity is the only ultimate and final religion suited to all peoples and all continents.

The Theatre

Realism on the Stage

By DESMOND MacCARTHY

Listeners are already familiar with Mr. MacCarthy as a critic of books, but this autumn he comes to the microphone in a new capacity—as a critic of plays

MY playgoing stretches back into the far away and long ago. Being an only and much indulged child, I was taken from the age of eight onwards not only to pantomimes but to melodramas, which I loved far more. 'The Lights o' London', 'The Silver King', are titles which stir recollections of clutching a parental hand in ecstasies of terror, of joining in the storm of boos and hisses which greeted the passage of the gratified villain (the truest tribute to his acting) across the front of the curtain between acts, of moments of acutest sympathy with the heroine when turned out to die in the snow, of delighted anticipation of rescue when the comic sailor (I always preferred him to the serious leading lover) struck himself and cried, 'Here are my arms, and here's my manly bosom, but where's my Mary?' Yes, my recollections of the stage go back even to that sort of dead old play. And if I have confidence in myself as a critic, it is because I have still kept in some measure that power of identifying myself to the point of self-forgetfulness with people on the stage and with their fortunes.

I once was shown a letter which I wrote when a very small schoolboy. It was a boring, confused, exclamatory account of a pantomime seen weeks before. It contained this sentence. 'But Robinson Crusoe was a beastly little lady'. This must have been my first attempt at dramatic criticism, and I dare say it was as unfair as some of the things I have written since. Quite likely that leading-boy in her conical white goatskin cap, with a fur-umbrella over one shoulder and a toy gun over the other, in her pink tights and short skirts was, as a matter of fact, charming. But she was not so to me. *She Robinson Crusoe indeed!* She was a blot on the desert island, an eye-sore, a kill-joy, for she destroyed my illusion, my belief in the island. Now I have not really changed very much as a playgoer since my tenth year. I must be coaxed into believing that the people I am watching on the stage are real, that what is happening might really have happened (if I am to care two straws about the whole show). And you should know this about me, or my criticisms may mislead you. The moment that the characters in a play say or do anything I feel to be unnatural, or I suspect they have been made by the dramatist to say or do that to save the plot or on purpose to make me cry or laugh, or see some moral—then my interest withers, my sympathies turn stone-cold. I don't mind the improbable (I like it), but I can't stand the unnatural in plays which set out (and they are the commonest) to be pictures of life. Farce, fantasy, the poetic drama are, of course, on a different footing. Yet they also must stand in some relation to actuality, though it may be a distant or indirect one. But realism must be true, otherwise it is dead.

Now perhaps you will understand, if you also have seen Mr. Drinkwater's 'A Man's House', a play about the entry of Christ into Jerusalem and its effect on a rich Jewish family, why, though the machinery assembled to create emotion could hardly have been more tremendous, left me unmoved. It was not real enough. These people, I said to myself, are not even Jews; there is nothing whatever Jewish about them. This is not an oriental family. They wear oriental dress of a sort, and pretty some of the costumes are; but from the way they speak, the thoughts they utter, from their manners, above all from the things they take for granted, these characters might just as well be members of some rich family living today in a big house in Piccadilly. The father might have delivered all his views on order and revolution, raged against his daughter Rachel, and repented of his harshness, just as well in a modern, cut-away morning-coat. There would have been nothing incongruous. The steward might have been a butler; the Roman Guard, constables on duty; David, Rachel's young lover, a follower of 'the Nazarine' who persuades her to run off with him and become one too, might have been a young idealistic communist in jersey and grey flannels, sacrificing his chances in life to his enthusiasm and winning thereby the heart of the girl he loves. In fact, I thought they would have all been rather more convincing in that case. I found it easier to believe in the miracle

which restored the bitter daughter's sight than in the people of the play. 'But', you may say, 'may it not have been, on the contrary, a proof of the depth of Mr. Drinkwater's insight that his figures appeared to you so modern and familiar? After all, it is outwardly, not inwardly, that human nature changes most; types may remain the same'. No! No! That won't do. The whole scene, the world in which they moved and had their being was neither securely created nor vividly imagined. The atmosphere they breathed was not that of the New Testament. I don't say that what Mr. Drinkwater set out to do was not something exceedingly difficult. It was. I only say he did not bring it off. A playwright like Mr. Shaw who has a genius for making 'points of view' walk and talk before us on the stage and for making drama out of the clash and quarrel of personified ideas, can afford to dispense with historic atmosphere, as he did, for example, in his religious pantomime 'Androcles and the Lion'. But Mr. Drinkwater is not a dialectical, analytical, argumentative playwright; he is a simple, emotional one. And since he never gives his characters anything startling to say, he needs every aid that imaginative or even superficial realism can give his figures. His 'Abraham Lincoln' would have been nothing without Abe's old top-hat and his quaint authentic speeches. I felt little while watching 'A Man's House', and uncomfortable because all the time I was being asked to feel a great deal. I couldn't. I didn't believe enough in the people. But when I went to see Mr. Priestley's new play, 'Eden End', not only did I forget completely that I was a critic sitting in a stall, but I got (though the play was a comedy) actually an impression of something Mr. Drinkwater had been trying to convey—the value of goodness. I laughed and often felt like crying. I forgot myself. Yet it was only in the home of a north-country doctor that I was living. There were no cries of 'Hosannah' outside the windows; the people in it were no better than many I have met—not as lovable as some. But it was all real; I could believe. And, as I confessed, that with me is the first condition of enjoying myself in the theatre, of losing myself for a while in lives upon the stage.

Life is sad and funny, but, if you don't expect too much, well worth while. Wasters are sometimes amiable and honest when it comes to a pinch—and even sensible; people who do mean things often do not seem so unforgivable when one grasps their point of view. Good people may not be capable of heroism, but there's a sort of courage and loyalty about them which deserves all the liking and admiration we can give. That's the feeling 'Eden End' leaves behind. Of course, it is not that alone which makes it a good play. A dramatist, as a poet once wrote patronisingly of Woman, must be 'humbly careful to attract'. He must be careful to beguile, amuse and keep us mentally on the alert. Mr. Priestley does this thoroughly, with the help of a cast of admirable actors who understand perfectly the contribution each is making to the effect. The situation is simple. In 1912 (note the date, for every now and then the sentiment depends on it), there was living in a Yorkshire village a doctor, who once had been a brilliant medical student. But when he married, instead of trying for the big prizes of his profession, he had taken this practice and settled down. To say that now, in his last stage of middle-life, he is a disappointed man, would give you a wrong impression of Dr. Kirby (so modestly and well interpreted by Mr. Irwin); nor is he exactly happy. He is rather a contented man. He doesn't complain. After all, widower though he now is, he has had a very happy marriage, won the trust of his patients, found good friends and enjoyed his hobbies and—on the whole—he has been blessed in his children. But Stella had brought him trouble, though that is over now. Evidently eight years ago there had been a terrific family row, when she had insisted on going on the stage. But though he has often missed her, he is satisfied that she did well. She has toured the world. Her letters (interrupted lately) have given an impression of success; and with a sigh (for he does miss her) he has concluded that after all she chose the better—as well as the bolder path such as he might once have taken.

When his wife died (perhaps her death was hastened by the row over Stella), his younger daughter, Lilian, came to keep house for him. He could have got on all right without her, but she seemed to him the sort of girl who is happy running a house. There Dr. Kirby was wrong. To Lilian that was an act of self-sacrifice. It is true she has the gift of running a home. But she can't give happiness. She is one of those women who can provide for those to whom she is devoted what in the long run is perhaps more important—contentment, but not joy. Of course, poor thing, she longs for happiness herself. She is young. She is in love with a small squire, who in old days wanted to marry Stella. But Lilian will never be selfless, like that divine old dear, Sarah, the Kirbys' servant, so naturally acted by Miss Bowman. And it is Lilian who presently does the mean thing. I am not sure that the best scene of all is not the one in which Stella and Lilian tell each other home-truths about that. The part of Lilian is very important; it's not so conspicuous as that of Stella, but the safety of the play lay largely in Miss Leggatt's hands and she was worthy of it. Stella suddenly comes back.

There is a famous play, 'Magda' by Sudermann, in which a girl who years before left her home for the stage, unforgiven, returns in glory to shine upon those she still loves. But when her father discovers she has a lover he has a fit and dies. In a much more subtle and much more interesting way the return of Stella is nearly disastrous too. She, too, comes home with a secret, one she can't confide to anyone but old Sarah—least of all to her father who loves so much the idea of her triumphs: she has been an utter failure. To her, coming home, then, is a blessed return to safe *realities*, after a confused meaningless nightmare of eight years. She thinks she would like to stay for ever. Humiliations and poverty have taught her the value of home, and in this she is very unlike her young brother who has a post in West Africa, and is home-sick whenever he is there but longs to be back when he is on leave.

Everybody is delighted to have Stella back, except Lilian, who not only feels something of the resentment of the prodigal son's virtuous brother, but has a dread in her heart, one which is only too justified—that the moment the man she love sees Stella again he will never look at herself. She discovers that Stella is married, a fact which Stella has also kept dark, for her marriage too has been a failure. She and husband are separated. She had not been able to stand for long her jocular, feckless actor-husband, a good fellow, but unfortunately given to drinking rather too much. Lilian by rummaging in her papers and putting two and two together, finds out his address and wires for him to come down. But too late—Stella has already charmed again the inarticulate young Squire. That love scene, by-the-bye, has touching truth. The appearance of Stella's husband, perfectly acted by Mr. Ralph Richardson (who has never disappointed me) is one of the joys of the evening. Appleby is, of course, expected by no one except Lilian. He immediately chums up with young Kirby, and one of the most amusing drunken scenes I have seen for some time follows their round together of the pubs. The doctor is fortunately out on a maternity case, and thus escapes what would have been to him a painful incident. But the women, attracted by the noise, come down; and when Appleby has carried young Kirby up to bed, they have it out together. Lilian points out that it is fatal to the peace of all that Stella and her husband should stay, and Stella sees it. Miss Lehmann conveyed exactly what sort of woman she was. Although Stella could not believe it herself, she would have soon grown tired of home. Stella can give happiness, or rather the promise of it, a promise which bedazzled the faithful squire, but she is a disturber of lives for all that. She patches it up with her feckless husband, still keeping, for her father's sake, the secret of her professional failure, and goes. Miss Lehmann played that part with feeling, judgment and adroitness. It was a good play!

'This Freedom'—XIII

Threats to Women's Freedom

By CICELY HAMILTON

Miss Hamilton's travels on the Continent in the last few years have given her a first-hand view of the anti-feminist reaction now in evidence in various countries of Europe

AT a recent sitting of the International Labour Conference in Geneva, it was announced by a workers' delegate—a man be it noted—that in his native country of Luxemburg 'the employment of women, married or not, has for some little time been subject to a preliminary authorisation by the Government'. That is to say (if the delegate is correct) the women of Luxemburg may not earn their daily bread without official permission. 'This regulation', he went on to point out, 'is a first attack on the right to live, which is the same for men and women'.

The first attack it may be, but it will certainly not be the last! Luxemburg is a small country, with a population that is counted not in millions but hundreds of thousands; hence its drastic policy with regard to the wage-earning woman has passed unnoticed by the larger world outside. That policy, however, differs only in degree and not in kind from policies pursued by nations whose doings make more noise in the world. As the machine increases in efficiency and output, the demand for human labour grows less; and, as a natural and almost inevitable consequence, governments, trade unions and municipal bodies are endeavouring to cope with male unemployment by getting women out of the labour market—out of those departments, that is to say, where their labour competes with that of men. Sometimes these efforts at expulsion take the form of a bribe—as in Germany where dowries were instituted by the Hitler regime for young women who would give up their paid employment on marriage. Sometimes they are embodied in regulations against the employment of married women in Civil Service posts or as teachers; and sometimes in what is known as 'protective' legislation, because its ostensible purpose—its primary purpose—is to improve the conditions and safeguard the health of the worker.

Here I wish to make it clear that I am in no wise attacking protective legislation, as such; being, I hope, a decent citizen,

I hold it not only desirable but essential that all workers, whatever their sex or their age, should earn their living in healthful surroundings and by reasonable hours of work. But protective legislation when (as often happens) it is applied to one sex only, and applied in excess, may develop into one of those proverbial remedies which are worse than the original disease; it may be a serious handicap in the earning of a living and a factor in depressing wages. Take, for instance, the case of night-work. Even if we suppose, for the sake of argument, that night-work has been proved more injurious to women than to men, it must still be obvious that a woman who is denied entry to a well-paid calling, on the ground that it requires night-work, and is forced, in consequence, to earn her bread at a badly paid calling, in the end may suffer more from inferior nourishment, clothing and food than from occasional spells after midnight.

The Compromise Between Freedom and Security

Life, for all except the abnormal, is a compromise between the ideal of freedom and the ideal of security. If we are to be absolutely free and do exactly as we like, without regard to the laws and regulations of our fellows, we must live apart in the wilderness or throw in our lot with the gangster—in either case living dangerously. If, on the other hand, our chief aim and desire is security from danger, we shall have to live guardedly, renouncing many pleasures of freedom. The safer we are, the more strictly are we guarded; in fact, it is no exaggeration to say that, if bodily safety were really our chief aim, we should be better in prison than out of it; nowhere is one safer than in Pentonville, Dartmoor or Holloway, whose inmates are never thrown out of work and run no risks from the motorist. All the same, few of us, whatever our distresses, feel inclined to change places with the gaol-bird, who, on his part, is usually more than willing to exchange his condition of sheltered security for

a freedom accompanied by risks. In the same way, women who have to earn their living by work in factories, etc., may be protected and safeguarded to such an extent—by kindly law-makers, doctors and inspectors—that they, too, like the gaol-bird, will find their security not a benefit but a disadvantage.

This danger of over-protection is not an imaginary one; it can be substantiated by many proven instances. And in this connection there are two facts to be remembered. First, that the birth-rate has been falling for years and continues to fall; it is ridiculous, nowadays, to legislate for women as if they were always having babies. And in the second place it should be remembered that the term 'weaker sex', as applied to women, is only partially correct. In spite of the fact that women, in the mass, lead less healthy lives than men; are less well paid and therefore less well fed, and suffer, in many cases, from the ills attendant on childbearing—in spite of these many and various disadvantages, as any insurance company will testify, they insist on living longer than men! Boy-babies are proverbially more difficult to rear than girls, and all through life the female sex would seem to be the tougher constitutionally—a fact which should surely be borne in mind by the International Labour Office and its framers of 'protective' legislation!

The Drive Towards the Home

Protective legislation and agitation against the wage-earning of wives are by no means the only methods of attack upon the present liberties of women. What may be described as a drive towards the home has been gathering strength in the course of the last few years; there is a revival of the cult of the 'normal' woman—and the normal woman, as a general rule, means not only the wife but the wife economically dependent. The cult of the 'normal' wife and mother—her exaltation as the only type to be admired by right-thinking people—entails an inevitable contempt for variations from the type; for unmarried, independent variations, or women whose talents do not fit into domestic surroundings. The fact that variations from the domestic type are looked down on and sneered at as 'abnormal' is in itself an infringement of women's right to full mental and moral development; what it means in practice is that, whatever the bent of a girl or young woman, her parents and guardians will do their best to make her conform to the commonly accepted pattern.

There can be little doubt that this revived cult of the wife and mother is largely economic in its origin, a product of the slump; keep women busy with their homes and children and you remove competitors from the labour market. (For the time being, that is to say; until the families you have encouraged them to produce and rear are of age to require work and wages.) But in part—though fortunately not in England—it is openly a cult of the producer of cannon-fodder; motherhood is valued for much the same reasons as the factory that turns out torpedoes or the laboratory that turns out mustard-gas. Where this cannon-fodder view of the family prevails, birth-control is, of course, discouraged—its advocacy is sometimes made a penal offence—and women are urged, and occasionally bribed, to undergo as often as possible the pains and penalties of maternity. It is probably fortunate for the world in general that the doctrine of the ever-full cradle is more popular with politicians than it is with parents, and that even in regions where the doctrine is preached with most insistence the birth-rate continues to fall.

Sometimes forgotten by the politicians and trade unionists who seek to exclude women from paid labour are the results of their policy on the masculine half of humanity. The economic dependence of women on their menfolk means, as a matter of course, an accentuation for women of the trade aspect of marriage. Where marriage is the only respected trade whereby a woman can earn her daily bread; where spinsterhood, further, is despised as failure; it follows inevitably that a man who comes a-wooing is not only a lover; as a prospective husband he is very much a business proposition. He stands not only for love and marriage, in the customary sense, but for bread-and-butter, promotion from the ranks of inferior spinsterhood and the one form of success in life that is permitted to the 'normal' woman. Hence it is obvious that when women are denied economic independence, their outlook on marriage, as a general rule, must be strongly influenced by mercenary considerations—far more strongly so than the outlook of the male who seldom earns his living or gains social advancement through marriage. Marriages for love—love and

nothing else—must be far more frequent among men than among women; and it stands to reason that every law or custom which keeps women out of the paid labour market must increase the number of mercenary marriages—mercenary, that is to say, on the side of the woman. The fewer the trades permitted to women, the greater the probability of the average man being married for the wrong reason—not from affection but merely as a means of support.

That is one unfortunate result of the exclusion of women from the paid labour market; it is hardly necessary to point out that another and still more unfortunate result must be an increase in the number of women who make a trade of their sexual attractions and follow the calling of the prostitute. And the ills that follow in the train of prostitution are too well-known to need emphasis.

Where Men are Inconsistent

A point to be noted in this connection is the divergence of interest between man in the mass—as member of some trade or calling or organisation—and man as private individual. It is only with reluctance that the professional man or the trade unionist has admitted women to compete with him on equal terms; but against this reluctance of the organised masculine stands the private willingness of man the individual, the husband or father, to see the family income and prosperity increased by the earnings of daughter or wife. Whatever their anti-feminist principles, few hardworking fathers nowadays will insist on shouldering the full responsibility for a daughter's board, lodging, amusement and dress when the daughter herself is capable of earning a wage; on the contrary, the average hardworking father is only too glad when his offspring, female as well as male, can provide for their wants and so relieve him of expense and anxiety.

Another point is that this problem of the wage-earning woman and her competition with the wage-earning man is essentially a problem of the town; you do not find the peasant-farmer of France or Italy or Austria clamouring against women's labour on his land or in his farmyard. It is, in fact, a machine-made problem; a direct and inevitable consequence of that extreme division of labour which is one of the products of a machine-made industrial system. The machine, created for the service of man, has ended by being to a great extent his master; the real worker nowadays—the real industrial worker—is not the human being but some form of engine which the 'worker' merely tends while it mass-produces its commodities. We talk of the breakdown of the capitalist system but it would probably be more correct to describe what is happening as a breakdown of the labour system—the machine that supercedes our human labour is capital, encroaching on what once was the sphere of labour. Even apart from unemployment, the fact that the work of our hands and brains is no longer so useful or important as it was is not a pleasant one to face; hence it is not to be wondered at that legislators and organisations are taking the line of least resistance, and doing their best to get women out of the trades and professions and back to their legendary 'sphere'.

The new Programme of Talks for Discussion Groups (B.B.C., price 2d.) covers the whole of the winter period from October, 1934, to March, 1935. Being intended mainly for leaders and members of these groups, it contains very full syllabuses, book lists, questions, etc., referring to the courses of talks given on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays between 7.30 and 8 p.m. The Monday period will be taken up with an economics course entitled 'Poverty in Plenty', which Mr. Graham Hutton, Assistant Editor of *The Economist*, will 'edit'. Among the speakers whom Mr. Hutton is introducing into the series are Mr. H. D. Henderson, Dr. Hugh Dalton, Mr. J. A. Hobson, the Hon. R. H. Brand, Mr. J. M. Keynes, and Sir Arthur Salter. On Tuesdays 'Freedom and Authority in the Modern World' is the subject chosen; most of the talks will be given by Mr. C. R. M. F. Cruttwell, Principal of Hertford College, Oxford, but Professor Macmurray and Professor G. L. Stocks will also take part. Thursdays will be devoted to education. 'The Child, The Parent and the Teacher'—a series of talks and discussions designed to help the parent to understand some of the problems of education today. Professor Cyril Burt, Dr. Winifred Cullis, Professor J. H. Nicholson, Kurt Hahn, and Mr. A. C. Cameron are among those participating. This series ends at Christmas, and will be followed by twelve talks in the New Year on 'Markets and Men', by Mr. J. W. F. Rowe, Lecturer in Economics in the University of Cambridge, and Mr. J. Jewkes, Lecturer in Commerce at Manchester University.

The Listener's Music

A Passage in Beethoven

ABSENCE from home hindered me from replying to the letter of Mr. R. B. Haines in THE LISTENER of August 22 concerning the reading of a passage in Beethoven's so-called 'Moonlight' Sonata. I welcome the opportunity his letter gives me of returning to a subject that could not be covered adequately in my former article. Mr. Haines' difficulty is that a famous pianist's playing of the opening subject of the finale does not agree with Beethoven's own markings as given in the best editions. No better passage could be chosen as a text for a few words on the vagaries of performers.

Among the many developments that music owes to Beethoven not the least are his innovations (we might even call them inventions) on the dynamic side of expression. He was, in fact, the first great composer to give detailed directions as to power contrast and gradation. Hitherto, little had been done beyond such general indications as 'loud' and 'soft'; nuances and other subtleties were usually left to the discretion of the performer. This was, of course, a continuation of the tradition that began in the early days of instrumental music when the performer was generally the composer himself, or one of his pupils. Moreover, the dynamic range of the early keyboard instruments was limited, and variety was obtained by other means, e.g., the easy contrast offered by the two-manual harpsichord.

Beethoven came on the scene just as the pianoforte was being perfected. The very name of the new instrument was due to its ability to produce both loud and soft tones—it was first called the forte-piano; similarly, orchestral resources had grown from what we should call a chamber orchestra into a medium approaching that of today; and its dynamic possibilities had been considerably developed by Haydn and Mozart. These new factors coincided roughly with the advent of the composer who needed them, first, for the expression of his violent and impulsive personality, and also as a means of keeping the interest alive during the greatly extended forms he was using. The reader can see all this for himself if he will compare the piano sonatas of Haydn and Mozart with those of Beethoven. Not only will he find Beethoven far more liberal with expression marks: he is unconventional as well. Thus, a crescendo will often lead not to the expected *ff* but to a *p* or *pp*; very quiet passages are sometimes rudely broken into by a *sforzando* on a weak part of the bar; and occasionally he demands an unexpected level of quiet tone when convention would call for a crescendo. Unfortunately, some editors (knowing better than Beethoven himself what Beethoven wanted) have seen fit to add indications of variety where the composer, by the absence of such marks, implied that variety was not required just then. The reader may ask if we can be sure that Beethoven's non-use of marks can be so construed. The best answer is that of Professor Tovey, which occurs in his notes on this very movement: 'Negative precautionary marks are not in Beethoven's vocabulary; he never says *senza crescendo* or *senza rall.* Therefore, when he does not want such things, he merely says nothing, and so he is at the mercy of every officious person'.

Now let us turn to the opening bars of the 'Moonlight' Finale. (The passage is so familiar and so easily referred to that there is no need for quotation.) It consists of a rising arpeggio in the right hand, over staccato tonic and dominant quavers in the left, leading at the end of the second bar to a couple of quaver chords. Now, there are three ways in which many pianists (including some who ought to know better) disregard Beethoven's clear directions. (1) As he says nothing about a crescendo during the arpeggio we may be sure that he doesn't want one. (2) No less clearly the pedal should not be used. As Tovey says: 'It is vital to the colour of the main theme here that the arpeggi should be without pedal, and that the staccato bass should make its dramatic menace without disguise'. (3) Beethoven marks the first of the two closing chords *sf*, but not the second. The passage occurs many times during the movement, and Beethoven's marks are always the same. Yet they are frequently disregarded, wholly or in part. The famous pianist who, according to Mr. Haines, makes the *sf* on the second chord, is distorting, not interpreting; and no amount of eminence as a Beethoven player can excuse the departure from the text. Mr. Haines says that 'one is forced to the conclusion that either the critics are far from conscientious, or that musical editors are slipshod in their methods'. So far as this department of their job is concerned I would say that editors are generally more officious than slipshod: they are apt to go to the pains of adding to a composer's markings rather than to be careless about the text. As to critics: they are

usually as conscientious as their available space and the blue pencil of their editor allow them to be. They cannot discuss every point in a performance, so their criticisms have to be general rather than particular. I must admit, however, that they have always struck me as being far too lenient concerning the liberties pianists take with the texts of classics. Similar licence on the part of a conductor is usually rebuked, although, from the very nature of things, an orchestra can never indulge in the rhythmical distortions that are common with soloists. For instance, the examples of rubato quoted in my article of July 25 would be impossible of performance by an orchestra or a string quartet; and a violin soloist is to a considerable extent kept in order by the accompaniment. The fact is, public and critics alike seem to be more tolerant of the misdeeds of pianists and singers than of those of any other performers. The thumping and distortion of the former, and the wobbling, bad tone, defective articulation, and faulty intonation of the latter could be cured by six months' denunciation by the critics (if their editors, with the law of libel in the background, would allow it) and by a withholding of applause by the public.

The letter of Mr. Charles Oxford in THE LISTENER of August 1 indicates an attitude that is, I hope, not common among listeners. Referring to my article on 'Interpretation or Distortion' he says a number of odd things, e.g.

In the Beethoven violin concerto I have heard one part of a bar played as one note, two notes, and as a triplet. Which of these is a lie? Who cares? I live on happy terms with the concerto and didn't care a damn about the little white lie. . . . Occasionally I have read a score with a solo violinist and only seldom have the bowing instructions or the note values been faithfully observed, at least according to my score. Why should anyone feel hurt about this?

In other words, let the composer go hang so long as we are 'on happy terms' with his music! What Mr. Oxford should have done in his reply was to state clearly whether he honestly approved the examples of distortion of Chopin that I quoted. Were they improvements on what Chopin wrote? Were they not, in fact, the reverse? Here let me make it clear once more that the requirement is not strict time: no musician wants metronomic exactness. But it is important for listeners to realise the principle that should govern freedom. Rubato is *not* bad time. On the contrary, as Matthay says, it 'demands a pulse-sense so strong and full of vitality, that it will enable us to feel a pulse (or beat) unwaveringly, although its rhythmical recurrences may be so slow (or deferred) as to cover a whole phrase at a time—nay, sometimes half a page or a whole page of piano music'. This quotation is from *Musical Interpretation**, an invaluable work in which the question is discussed, under the title 'The Element of Rubato', in a chapter of about fifty pages, with many music type examples. Clearly the matter about which Mr. Oxford doesn't care a damn happens to be one about which musicians care a very great deal; and, after all, where musical principles are concerned, the views of musicians ought to count.

Here, in a few words, is a guide as to the difference between good and bad free time: in the former the intelligent listener ought never to be in doubt as to the *relative* note values of the passage.

Thus, a pianist has no right to play:



when the composer wrote:



Yet I have heard this inaccuracy perpetrated by one of our most popular recitalists. So far from being 'interpretation', it is merely a slovenly exaggeration of the mistake most pupils make in dealing with the rhythmic figure: dotted quaver, semiquaver, quaver. If Mr. Oxford really thinks that there is no essential difference between the two examples I can only say that his musical perceptions need a good deal of sharpening. Had Schubert wished the passage to sound as in Ex. 1 he had only to write it so. As he didn't, no pianist, however distinguished, and no listener, however happy-go-lucky in regard to time values, has a right to be satisfied with anything else.

HARVEY GRACE

**Musical Interpretation*. By Tobias Matthay. Joseph Williams, 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.

Life on Board a Windjammer Today

By Lt.-Col. C. L. MALONE

IMAGINE yourself in a gale of wind lying on your stomach across a horizontal spar, a hundred or more feet up in the air, leaning over and using both hands to grapple with the billowing canvas of a sail. You have only a swaying wire rope for your foothold. This will give you a rough picture of one of the ordinary jobs of a member of the crew of a large square-

rigged sailing ship, or windjammer as they are called. These great three- and four-masted sailing ships are becoming rare and in a few years will be no more. I was therefore glad to have the opportunity recently to sign on the barque *Pamir*, to see the life led in a modern windjammer and to find out how these ships still survive. It was a wonderful experience. The only certainty on board is that the unexpected is bound to turn up.



The *Pamir* under sail

Nautical Photo Agency

Pamir, the ship I sailed in, is typical of life in these ships today. She is a four-masted steel barque of 3,020 tons. To give some idea of size, her hull is a little bigger than that of a cross-channel steamer or small tramp. The *Endeavour* would look quite a toy beside her. Her masts tower higher than Nelson's Column. You must not picture these sailing ships as old wooden hulks such as the *Victory*. They are comparatively modern steel ships. *Pamir* was built in 1905 by Blohm and Voss at Hamburg, the firm who built the *Majestic*, and until recently belonged to the famous Laiesz Line of Hamburg. The last big sailing ship to be built was the *Padua* in 1926.

There are only thirty to thirty-five of these large square-rigged ships over 1,000 tons afloat today. Every year a diminishing number, now about fifteen, take part in the so-called grain race from Australia about which you may have read. There is something very romantic in this annual struggle. Every autumn the modern Armada sets out for Australia. They leave Australia in the early months of each year laden with grain. The voyage takes round about 100, perhaps 130, days. Maybe the only land they see before making Ireland or England is the dreaded Cape Horn. Although in 1932 *Pamir* led the grain race from Australia to Queenstown in 103 days, this year calms in the North Atlantic kept her 119 days at sea. The fastest time was 108 days by *Padua*. Usually they sail either to Queenstown or to Falmouth for orders. On the way home the cargoes are sold by the

agents, and when sighted off Queenstown or Falmouth, the ships are told at which port to discharge. *Pamir* went to Cork. She took a month to discharge her 4,300 tons of grain, and take on board ballast, as it is unusual for these ships to get a cargo out to Australia. The bulk of the seagoing windjammers—some nineteen—belong to Captain Gustaff Eriksson of Mariehamn in the Aland Islands, in the Baltic. He seems to be successful in keeping this great fleet at sea doing useful work and appears to make them pay. The ships are economical. Rather undermanned, they have small crews, mostly apprentices gaining experience at a low wage. Time is no object in this grain trade. The ships are not insured. They can load at small ports unsuitable or uneconomical for steamships. The crew consists of captain, three officers and about twenty-five men. The crew are divided into two watches of about ten men and the remainder are day-men—the carpenter, sail-maker, cook, steward and donkey-man.



Away aloft!

By courtesy of the Author (Copyright)

The crew of apprentices, whose ages are not much above eighteen or twenty, include many nationalities. We had on board Finns, Swedes, Belgians, Germans, Dutch and one Englishman. They pay a premium of about £50 for the privilege of enduring the hardships of a windjammer, the gales and seas of Cape Horn, sometimes wet for weeks, often without food for hours, no week-ends and only home for two or three weeks a year. They get less than ten shillings a month the first year, rising to £2 a month in the third year. Some have rounded Cape Horn three or four times, one was in *Hougoumont* when she was dismasted and survived. All have had tremendous experiences. They do this because in certain countries time in a sailing ship is necessary for advancement in the merchant service, and in all countries it is an asset. It is

certainly a hard life. No profession produces mature men at such an early age. Boys of all classes leave comparatively comfortable existences to undergo these hardships and experience these adventures. It was surely this spirit which was re-

sponsible for building up the British Mercantile Marine, of which so many thousands of officers and men are now, alas! unemployed.

It is fine to see these great ships handled, especially in a crisis, in a gale, or when squalls come from opposite directions. The captains are seamen of magnificent skill, courage and resource. Captain Mattsson of *Pamir* is only thirty-nine. He went to sea as a deck-hand at sixteen. He has spent twenty-three years in sailing ships. In the War, in command of the sailing ship *Norden*, he was wrecked in the North Atlantic. For nine days ship and crew drifted helplessly, washed by heavy seas. A British steamer with great difficulty rescued the crew. Before leaving they set fire to the sailing ship which was in ballast going to Canada to load with lumber for England.

On the voyage from Sydney to Cork this year, a big wave broke over the bridge of *Pamir* and flung Captain Mattsson into the scuppers. But for the rigging he would have been washed overboard. He suffered for the rest of the voyage from a strained muscle. One helmsman was washed away from the wheel at the same time and the other only remained by jamming his leg in the wheel. The helmsmen in *Pamir* stand unprotected at two great open wheels on the midships section just forward of the charthouse. The Captain has many varied jobs to perform in addition to his arduous responsibilities. He may have to mend a broken arm or leg, or pull out a tooth.

The boys, for that is all they are, work watch and watch; in Finnish ships there are five watches; midnight to four, four to eight, eight to one in the afternoon, one to seven and seven to midnight; no dog watches such as we have. At any time the watch below may be called up to assist in an emergency and there are many, as I have seen—to shorten sail in face of a sudden squall, to put the ship about or to avoid a danger. A whistle

under the fore-end of the bridge deck. Each compartment contains ten or twelve bunks. These are their homes for many months. The staple food when the fresh provisions have run out are salt meat, tinned beef, dried stockfish, potatoes, bread made on board, biscuit, margarine, tea and coffee. It is all right so long as heavy seas do not put out the galley-fire, but very monotonous.



Running peacefully with sails full

We experienced all sorts of conditions in *Pamir*. Just as we were entering the English Channel a fresh south-westerly gale sprang up. We ran before it up Channel averaging over 200 miles a day, overhauling one or two tramp steamers and making it difficult for some to overtake us. It is rather extraordinary to be in a great steel ship today forced along at ten knots by the wind. We had to shorten sail, of course. Only the evening before we had tuned in to the B.B.C., relaying a church service, singing the well-known hymn for those at sea, 'Fierce raged the tempest'.

It was most appropriate. We met the gale next morning. We had to furl the gallant sails, jib and flying jib and all sails of the jigger mast. The upper jigger sail was split in the gale.

It is magnificent to see the crew handling the sails aloft under such conditions, the wind whistling at 50 or 60 miles an hour through the forest of rigging. Both watches are sent aloft to secure the sails to the yards. They have almost to fight their way up and along the yards. The second mate wins. He is first right out to the end of the yard arm. There they are, twelve or fifteen of them, balanced on the yard, their feet swinging on the footrope, no hands to hold on by, for both are battling with the billowing canvas, pulling it up and lashing it to the yard. The ship pitches about and the young boys out on the great steel yards, 100 feet or more above the deck, do their work as a matter of routine. In a subsequent B.B.C. news bulletin—our only connection with the outside world for many weeks—we heard that on that day England had been swept by a fierce gale, telegraph services broken on the south coast, shipping delayed and



On the main yard

Photographs by courtesy of the Author (Copyright)

from the mate brings the boys on deck in a rush. They fly to their posts and sails are furled in a miraculously short time. They handle the heavy sails—there are thirty-four in *Pamir*—trim the yards, tend the sheets, haul taut the braces and perform the many other necessary activities of a sailing ship.

They live in two compartments either under the fo'c'sle or

the new air-mail service crossing the Irish Sea had had a terrible time. Well, we were lucky only to have split a sail.

It is worse with a head wind, especially in ballast. For three days we were tacking close-hauled against a head wind in the Baltic, between Sweden and the island of Bornholm. In ballast we could not go about, we had to wear. In three days we had

lost ground about six miles. It was heavy weather, lying close hauled with a list of 15 to 20 degrees on either tack. A rainstorm came at last and then there was calm. Under similar circumstances, tacking up Channel against a strong north-easterly wind, another ship, *Penang*, took nine days from Falmouth to Dover, where she had to take a tug through the Straits.

After the storm, many small birds, flycatchers, wrens, wag-tails, and others, appeared on board. The cat, born on the way from Australia and only having seen albatross and seagulls before, instinctively sought its prey. After a long day of chase amongst capstans and winches and even up the rigging, it was rewarded by the capture of one small bird. In the meantime a hawk, which had been blown on board, had a bag of three to its credit.

There are times, however, when life on board a sailing ship is more peaceful, sometimes too peaceful. That is when you are becalmed, when there is not a breath of wind, when the surface of the sea is oily, when the sails hang limp from the yards. To be in a sailing ship in normal times after being in a steamship is rather like going in a free balloon after being in an aeroplane. Everything is so quiet. But to be becalmed out of sight of land, in a great steel ship, motionless, is almost uncanny. On the bridge the only sound is the ticking of the chart-room clock. The thug-thug of the auxiliary oil-engine of a small fishing boat, miles away on the horizon, is almost an event. If there is a slight swell, the ripple splashes against the ship's sides. The lifeless sails slat back against the rigging. The yards give an occasional creak and from time to time the helmsman moves the rudder, but that is all.

More and more these ships are becoming objects of curiosity. We passed the great German liner *General von Steuben*. She altered course to give her passengers an opportunity of seeing this rare sight—a four-masted sailing ship under full sail—and perhaps to give them a chance to take photographs. We also saw an unusual sight. One morning in the Baltic there were three of these ships together alone on the sea, the four-masted barque *L'Avenir*, the three-masted ship *Grace Harwar*, about the only three-masted full-rigged ship afloat, and ourselves. Not a steamer in sight! No other vessel to break the charm!

There is much that is artistic in the sailing ship. If you had been on board on a moonlight night, setting sail from port, as one by one the great sails are unfurled and the ship gathers headway and glides on, with the water breaking into white at her bows and lapping softly round her, you would agree; or running peacefully with all sails full at 9 or 10 knots; or even on a rough and dirty night, with only just a suspicion of the moon behind the clouds, with shortened sails, the almost bare masts, 187 feet high and rigging silhouetted against the sky, a grim and determined machine with which man grapples with the elements—even that has its weird charm.

Two miles from Mariehamn, our home port, the unexpected again happened. It was blowing strong. The pilot was actually on board. A tug came out. Great expectations of home after eleven months away. Eager eyes gazing towards the town. Shore-going suits are being aired on the foc'sle. Some have even put on their clean shirts. Hope soon dissipated. 'Impossible to get you in tonight', shouted the tug. So we were forced to pass the night at sea! The wind rose and rose, finally to hurricane strength, ninety miles an hour gusts, the local press said 9 to 10 Beaufort notation. So light was the ship in ballast that there was real danger of capsizing. There was forked lightning and thunder. The captain of a local steamer told me afterwards that he had not experienced such a violent tempest for nine years. Now carrying only two tops'ls, we tried to tack and keep our position, but rapidly set towards rocks. Anyone who knows the Aland archipelago would understand the situation.

In the middle of it all a small steamer crossed our bows. More than likely she did not see us in the driving rain. If she did, she probably underestimated our speed. We burnt flares to attract her attention. I shall always remember those eerie lights on that rough night lighting up the face of the man in his dripping oilskin and sou'wester and casting a glow on the rigging near him. We missed her by inches. The boys aloft saw it all, perilously perched on the yards securing the sails, they wondered if the end had come. The Captain decided to risk entering a narrow channel near Soderarm on the Swedish side. With immense skill in the dark night, he did so and dropped both anchors. In the morning we saw that we were nearly surrounded by rocks. Two days later, when the gale had dropped, a tug was necessary to get us out.

And so we came to Mariehamn in the Aland Islands, the

home of these modern windjammers. Just imagine what a wonderful sight twelve of them are in port, preparing to set out again on the annual voyage to Australia! Two or three weeks' holiday and off again to brave for eleven months the perils of the sea in sail. I am sorry not to be with them, but I had to return, travelling this time by contrast in *Ilmatar*, one of the most modern of the Finland Line Steamships, Finland's biggest steamship Company, founded over fifty years ago.

Forthcoming Music

A winter season of Promenade Concerts, run on the same lines as the summer concerts, with Sir Henry Wood conducting, will be given in the Queen's Hall from December 31 to January 12 inclusive.

The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra is to make its first provincial tour this winter, when it will visit Manchester (December 5), Bristol (February 13), Birmingham (February 27) and Dundee (April 3), under the direction of its conductor, Adrian Boult. The Orchestra is also to visit Brussels on March 12.

The London Music Festival, organised by the B.B.C., will consist next year of eight orchestral concerts in the Queen's Hall on May 10, 17, 22, 27, June 3, 5, 12 and 14 (evenings).

The new series of Foundations of Music which began on September 17 is being devoted to English Music, and under the title 'From Plainsong to Purcell' will cover plainsong, folksong, church music, keyboard and instrumental music down to the Restoration, concluding with Purcell's chamber music work, 'Sonata of four parts'. Sir Richard Terry is personally directing this new series, the broadcast time of which has been changed to 7.5 to 7.25 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for the sake of listeners who have not been able to hear the previous series. On Tuesdays and Thursdays the time will remain at 6.30 to 6.50 as hitherto.

Dr. Adrian Boult will be the principal conductor for the coming B.B.C. Symphony Concerts, and among the guest conductors will be Sir Thomas Beecham, Albert Coates, Felix Weingartner and Sir Henry Wood.

The first two of these concerts, on October 24 and 31, are dedicated to the memory of Delius and Holst respectively, and will include performances of 'A Mass of Life' (sung in the original German), and Holst's suite 'The Planets'. Among the works to be heard for the first time in England during these concerts are Stravinsky's 'Perséphone', Yuri Shaporin's 'Symphony in C Minor', a Scherzo from an unfinished symphony by Gustav Holst, excerpts from Alban Berg's opera 'Lulu', and a new symphony by Vaughan Williams.

What I Saw in China

(Continued from page 511)

graded roads. He needed stimulating to employ only competent Chinese engineers. But he perceived the value of air flight, and asked me where aeroplanes could be bought. Lack of communications is China's greatest single difficulty. She has utterly inadequate roads or railways. The United States, comparable in size to China, has 265,000 miles of railway: China, 7,000. She has 1,300,000 miles of road: China, 11,000.

In Tibet we visited Kum Bum, the vast Buddhist Monastic city with its 3,000 monks. The Butter Festival was in full swing. We saw the devil dance, and the Living Buddha, and the prayer wheels. We wandered among the booths on the open hill-side, looking very like an English country fair.

Then we turned our faces eastwards again and homewards. Sad to be leaving Kansu and Shensi and Shansi; sad to be leaving China; sad to say good-bye to Chinese engineers and servants; sad to exchange the courtesy of the East for the brusqueness of the West. Our last visit on this journey to the West and before we rejoined the railhead was to a vast and lovely temple. The temple was a shell, and within it was an arsenal filled with French machinery. The serious words of the Governor, spoken in response to our sorrow that such things should still be needed, still echo in my ears. What China most urgently needs today are communications, education, and religion. It could not have been better put.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcast talks

Junketing in the Faroe Islands

THE FAROES, as you may know, are situated roughly midway between the North of Scotland and Iceland: the nearest land is actually the Shetlands, about a hundred and eighty miles to the south-east. There are twenty-two islands all told, seventeen of which are inhabited, and the total population is about twenty thousand. Fishing, sheep-farming, and the catching of seabirds are the principal industries. Geologically, the islands are unlike anything else in Europe. On all sides they rise abruptly from the sea, and the coastal scenery is exceptionally fine. In many places the cliffs reach a height of over a thousand feet, and in a few places they are over two thousand feet high. The position and formation of the islands makes a damp climate absolutely inevitable, and even in the summer there is a great deal of fog and rain. The Faroes are a Danish Crown Colony, but the islanders themselves speak their own language, which is more like Icelandic than anything else. Their early history is obscure, but the first settlers there were probably Vikings from Norway, and some Irish monks are supposed to have gone north and settled there about the year 800.

The Faroese are a quiet, sober, hard-working people, but for three days in the year, during the Feast of St. Olaf, all this is changed. St. Olaf's Day is July 29. From all over Faroe people flock to Thorshavn for the festivities. There are boat races and swimming races in the harbour; there is a football match, and a special performance by the band of the Salvation Army. Many of the islanders wear their national costume, and at night they dance the old Faroe folk dance in the Concert Hall. I wish I could adequately describe to you the dancing on St. Olaf's night. Try and imagine yourself as part of a long moving line of men and girls holding hands—a line bent into fantastic contortions and twists, so that your back is always touching another dancer's back, and there is always someone in front of you, almost touching your chest. You are not dancing to music, but to the voices of your companions, singing the old Faroe songs about Vikings and battles and whale hunts. Many of the men are half intoxicated, and have to be supported by those on either side of them. On and on the dance goes, sometimes speeding up, sometimes slowing down. At last, out of sheer fatigue, you break your way out of the line, and go into the cool air outside, or you can go and have a drink at one of the cafés, which are open all night. The party I was with kept it up till 4 a.m., with several intervals for liquid refreshment. I felt almost like a Viking myself, as I staggered back to my bed in the Seamen's Home. It was by then a perfect Northern morning, and the sound of the water lapping against the boats in the harbour made me dream about whale hunts and Viking invasions.

The next day I went over on the post boat to the island of Nalsö, to see the bird-catchers at work. Enormous numbers of puffins are netted in the islands each season. A puffin, incidentally, is a seabird about the size of a pigeon, and it makes very good eating, especially when fried. The post boat was taking several of the St. Olaf's Day revellers back to their native island, and I had a chat with one of them who seemed to speak quite good English. I heard afterwards that this man could only speak English when he was slightly 'under the influence,' so I suppose he must have realised that this was his last chance to talk to an Englishman until St. Olaf's Day, 1935.

RICHARD KEELING

Danger of the Horn

I BOUGHT MY FIRST motor car in March, 1897, and drove this and others for the next six years without carrying a horn, because horns had not then been invented. Then came the Motor Car Act, in 1903. To comply with the new regulations I fitted a foot bell, like those then used in horse broughams. Later on, when the horn came in I followed the fashion, and had one fitted to my steering column. But since I had already driven for six years without one, I found no use whatever for the new appliance, and carried on in my old way, driving with consideration to the safety of myself and the public at large,

and ignoring the horn entirely. I've had no less than thirty-seven years' experience of motor driving, and during the whole of that time I've never sounded a horn, and never met with an accident. I have been actively engaged all this time in the motor-trade, driving cars every week from London to the Midlands, and taking part in numerous non-stop runs and hill-climbing competitions. So I hope this entitles me to an opinion, and my opinion is that the only real cure for the steadily-increasing number of road accidents is the absolute restriction of the use of the horn. It should never be allowed to be sounded except when overtaking another vehicle travelling in the same direction. For this single exception the bulb horn would be perfectly adequate, and I would abolish the electric horn with its hideous screech altogether. In my view, if this limitation on the use of the horn were imposed, road accidents would at once be reduced by twenty-five per cent. The motorist, deprived of the use of noise to get him through, would be obliged to drive with much greater caution. Instead of trying to blast the pedestrian out of his way, for instance, he would have to slow down, let him finish his crossing, and then glide silently behind him. And the pedestrian also would take more care. He would adopt the commonsense rule of looking both ways before stepping off the footpath, when he realised that he now had to rely entirely on his eyes instead of both his eyes and his ears.

You may object that even so the horn ought to be sounded at crossroads, where many serious accidents occur. But here again I say that it is the use of the horn that often causes the accident. Two cars approach the cross-roads, each sends out its strident warning, the sound of one horn drowns the other, and both cars meet, to their destruction. All I do myself is to slow down gradually and keep well into my own side of the road. If speed was reduced to a maximum of twenty miles per hour at cross-roads, many serious accidents would be avoided, as every vehicle could be brought to a standstill within a few yards; and if there were no horns every driver would instinctively keep well to his own side.

H. K. HALES

Amateur Film Societies

AMATEUR FILM SOCIETIES are springing up all over the country. Reports of their activities and criticisms of their productions appear in magazines devoted to their interests. This rapid growth has been made possible by the wonderful improvements and cheapening in price of cine cameras and cine projectors. Machines using the small-size or sub-standard stock are no longer toys. Directed by insight and skill they can give results which will satisfy the most critical eye. Moreover, as the celluloid used is non-inflammable, they may be shown in any ordinary hall or club-room. The significance of this development is obvious. It means that the film can be widely used, like the lantern slide, to illustrate a lecture, demonstrate a scientific process or supplement the teacher's lesson in the classroom.

The recently formed British Film Institute is doing valuable work in this direction by stimulating enquiry, bringing together experts and enthusiasts and disseminating information. Branches of the Institute are being formed in various centres. One exists on the Merseyside. In addition to the main object of uniting all lovers of the film in a campaign to encourage the showing of better films in our cinemas, the Merseyside Society desires to assist in the development of the small-size film for cultural purposes. In this category the work of the amateur chiefly falls. There must be many enthusiasts at work, either by themselves or co-operating in some group. What are these amateurs doing? If one may judge by the films one has been able to see or read about, the production of fiction reels, or photoplays in imitation of the professional cinema dominates the amateur world, when something more ambitious than the family party or the holiday record is attempted. It is very natural and quite good fun for those taking part. The members will learn quite a lot about the mechanics of the cinema. The knowledge will increase their enjoyment of the screen. It will help to develop a higher standard of film appreciation than exists at present.

But here and there among amateurs will exist those who are

aiming at something more worth-while. They know that for effective theatrical films an equipment is necessary of sets, lighting and cameras far beyond the financial resources of any normal amateur society. They have learned that acting before the merciless eye of the camera demands a special technique, difficult to acquire save on the floor of a big studio. Make-ups that would pass muster on the stage prove useless on the screen. These, among a host of obstacles inherent in the production of a convincing fiction film, have led the more critical and creative amateurs to explore the possibilities that lie in real life. In Liverpool and Wallasey production groups have been formed to film those places. A notable one of Edinburgh has been done. In Preston a Film Guild has tackled the grid distribution of electricity and in Manchester the animal treasures of Belle Vue have received the attention of a movie animal-lover. The list could easily be extended, but it will suffice. The point to note is that the camera's eye is turned in the direction where the skill of the amateur can work with the least impediment due to lack of expensive apparatus. And the material is to hand in every locality. As Mr. St. John Ervine wrote when pleading for more intelligent and interesting news-reels—'a world is waiting to be dynamically photographed'. Dynamic is a harsh word but it defines the essence of the screen's appeal-movement.

F. HEMING VAUGHAN

Astronomy's Debt to Lamont

IN 1805, in the village of Corriemulzie was born one John Lamont,* the son of a wood forester to the second Earl of Fife. The little village, even now not more than a small group of cottages, is huddled on the hillside by a road some few miles above Braemar. Two miles further, and we come to another cluster, Inverey, which boasts the village school to which young Lamont went daily.

A commonplace tale enough, but here begins the romance. At Ratisbon in Bavaria was a College of Scots Benedictine monks, and from time to time young Scottish lads were selected and taken over to be trained for the ministry. Young Lamont was one of those so selected, and on an October morning in 1817 the twelve-year-old lad set out in a farm cart for Aberdeen. It is not difficult, even now, to picture the journey, despite the fact that today we accomplish in three hours what was in 1817 a toilsome journey of three days. Make the road narrower and rougher, the country a little wilder, wipe out motor transport and three star hotels, substitute therefor more homely and primitive inns and cottages, and we are surely not far wrong.

Arrived at Aberdeen, the travellers set sail for Rotterdam, thence journeying up the Rhine to Bavaria. Eleven years of study followed and at the end of that period Lamont felt that astronomy, rather than the secular priesthood, was his vocation. He was then made assistant astronomer to Soldner, Conservator of the Royal Observatory near Munich. In 1835 he succeeded Soldner as Conservator and in 1852 he was made Professor of Astronomy at Munich. What does astronomy owe to Lamont? First of all, he had at his service a well-equipped observatory which included a refracting telescope of fifteen feet focal length and ten-and-a-half inches aperture—big enough in its time, though a dwarf compared with the giant telescopes of today. Provided with this weapon he made observations of the satellites (Titanian and Oberon) of Uranus, and from his observations deduced a value for the mass of Uranus considerably more accurate than those of his predecessors. He made also a series of observations of Halley's Comet in 1835, and a number of observations of the satellites of Saturn.

One of his most important contributions to astronomy is contained in an immense catalogue of faint stars of the eighth and ninth magnitudes—telescopic stars as they are called. Look at the heavens on a clear night and observe how the stars, preserving their relative positions, move as if fixed to a hollow sphere with poles and an equator, like to the terrestrial globe. And, even as we fix positions on the earth by means of two angles—latitude and longitude—so, if we establish a Greenwich on the celestial sphere, we may fix the position of any of the heavenly bodies. Lamont worked over a belt from 27 N. to 33 S. of the equator on the celestial sphere, and fixed the position in this zone of no fewer than 34,674 of these faint stars—a task of immense magnitude and of fundamental importance. It is interesting to note that, in the course of this task he, unwittingly, twice observed the planet Neptune.

It was early realised that a satisfactory attack on the problem

of terrestrial magnetism was impossible unless measurements were regularly made at different points on the earth's surface according to a concerted plan. Such a plan was inaugurated about 1840 and Lamont played an important part in the inauguration and in the devising of instruments suitable for the observations.

And that is, in the baldest outline, the story which the grey granite obelisk on Deeside will keep alive for centuries to come—the story of John Lamont, the Scottish village lad who in 1879 closed a long and honoured career as Johann von Lamont, an astronomer of European reputation.

DAVID MAUGHAM

What the Park-keeper Contends With

I AM a park-keeper employed on an open space in London. Some people seem to imagine that because these parks and open spaces are for the benefit of the public, they are entitled to be used as dumping places for any refuse of which they mean to dispose. We try our best, of course, to stop this practice, but, unfortunately, the place where I am employed is accessible to anyone after we have left at dusk, and it's then that the show starts. We can leave the place clean every evening, but on the following day the mess we find, especially around the seats, has to be seen to be believed. I gather that these seats are in great demand by lovers after nightfall. I'm all for love's young dream, but, from the condition in which they leave these seats, it would appear that a modern courtship cannot be conducted successfully without the aid of a bag of pea-nuts.

We want to be friends to the public, but it's a hard job sometimes. There is a market next to us, and some of the women are glad to sit down on the seats and rest when going home with heavy shopping. Many refresh themselves, making sure, of course, to leave paper bags and wrappers, etc., carefully on the ground. These generally blow into the children's paddling pond hard by. This pond is cleaned out early every morning, and it needs it!

In hot weather we have anything up to a thousand youngsters in and around the pond. Many of them carry bottles of lemonade and other liquid refreshment on their way to the fields. They shouldn't take them near the pond, of course, but one can't watch a few hundred kids at once. Try it! The bigger ones go in, leaving the smaller ones on the concrete banks with the drinks, and, before you know where you are—crash! If you don't happen to be on the spot, some of the bits invariably get into the water. It's only a paddling pond, but many of the smaller children go in with bathing costumes on—and the older ones too when the keeper is at the other end of his beat. They roll and wrestle in the water, and frequently some of them come up against the glass and get very ugly cuts. We take the bottles and jars from those children who prove obstinate and won't take them away, and thus fall foul of their parents; but, should any of these same parents' offspring receive cuts, the poor old 'parky' gets it in the neck again!—so it's the same either way.

Then there's the filth that gets dumped into the fields from the adjacent streets, from which we are only separated by a low railing. This is by far the worst thing of all. Rotten fruit and vegetables, meat, bones and filthy and verminous articles of clothing are a few of the things we come across. I dread going round on Monday mornings, because I know I shall find relics of a dozen Sunday dinners. I am not exaggerating. Some of these gifts are wrapped up quite nicely in parcels and left near seats. I opened one or two at first, but I'm not at all 'nosey' now. My curiosity remains entirely unaroused. What on earth are dustbins for? Occasionally, just to relieve the monotony, some thoughtful person makes us a present of a dead cat, and it's no pleasant job disposing of it. I actually found one by the paddling pond once, covered with flies. Not a very congenial companion for children, was it? The other day, some girl tennis players asked me if I would remove something that was smelling by the railings near the courts. I investigated and removed the cause of their discomfort, which half filled a sack. It was rotten meat. Have you ever smelled such stuff? I'm not squeamish, but I don't want to ever again. People who indulge in this horrid practice, I consider lower than animals, devoid of any pretensions to decency. It's jolly hard lines on those who can conduct themselves properly to have to suffer through the actions of these unclean specimens of the human race.

J. SHAW

*A memorial to Lamont was unveiled on September 19 by Princess Arthur of Connaught in the presence of members of the British Association

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

Setting the Intellectual Pace

After reading with sympathy the earlier part of Mr. Cholmeley's plea for the day-school, I was surprised at the statements in the last paragraph. They seem to neglect all that modern psychology has contributed to education, and to laud as a virtue the worst evil of the day-school. Mr. Cholmeley finds justification for the day-school as always being 'likely to set the pace on the intellectual side of education—which ought to be the foundation of all the rest'. If the work of psychologists and certain pioneer schools has proved anything, it is that the intellectual side of education cannot possibly be the foundation of all the rest. The intellect is an instrument which can be used in diametrically opposite directions. Our ability to deal with social and international chaos is not due to a lack of intellectual development, but to widely-differing standards of values among us, so that we cannot agree as to the end to which our intellects should be directed. And one has only to think of, say, Mr. Bernard Shaw side by side with Mr. Winston Churchill, to realise how unlikely the intellect alone is to lead us to a common understanding. The fact is, surely, that a person's social attitude and the use to which he puts his intellectual powers are determined by his emotional experiences and development. The day-school teacher must either admit that he is only concerned with a small part of education, or he must abandon his intellectualism.

Perhaps Mr. Cholmeley was using the term 'intellect' in a wider sense than I have used it. If so, it cannot be the same thing as that in which the school sets the pace. From my own experience as a scholar and a master in day-schools, I must conclude that there is no worse evil in them than this 'setting the intellectual pace' under the stress of economic circumstances. Those who emerge successfully from the contest assume a totally unjustified feeling of superiority, while the great majority who fail or attain only to mediocrity are left with no firm ground to stand upon, no real preparation for life.

While I do not wish to plead for an extension of the boarding-school system, I think it must be admitted that some boarding-schools provide an environment in which a child can gain self-knowledge as well as book-knowledge. It may be within the scope of day-schools to provide similar opportunities, but not before they have discarded the cap and gown as the symbols of achievement. If it is contended that economic circumstances make any change in direction impossible, then the least that teachers can do is to recognise the nature of the whip that drives them, and to cease to find idealistic justifications for what they cannot avoid.

Bedaes School

KENNETH C. BARNES

American Poetry

Mr. Grigson misunderstands, I think, the purpose of the articles on 'Writers of America'. They were not, I believe, intended as a revaluation of American literature for those already familiar with the subject, but as an introduction which might encourage the ordinary English reader to widen his reading a little. I therefore attempted to provide a general map or picture of the development of American poetry which would enable such a reader to relate the work of newer poets, as he discovered them, to that which he knew already, and to the American scene in general. Though I have, as Mr. Grigson knows, very often described and praised their work, I do not think that a reference to Laura Riding or Wallace Stevens would have been useful for this purpose. A knowledge of their work is not necessary to an appreciation of the poets whom I mentioned, whereas some knowledge of these general tendencies is a necessary preliminary to a just appreciation of *Harmonium* or *The Close Chapter*.

Mr. Grigson stresses, as I did, the difference between the conscious problems of the American and those of the Englishman, but the appeal of good poetry does not depend entirely on its explicit content, and when Mr. Grigson says that 'The American psyche, so far as it has a collective form, differs altogether from our own' he is denying the fundamental premiss of psychology. However much the conscious preoccupations

may differ, the content and mode of operation of the subconscious vary less from one nation to another than from man to man. The essential processes which are reflected in good poetry are the same in America as in England, the differences are superficial. It is certainly possible for the Englishman to enjoy American poetry, it is not always easy to tell from internal evidence whether a poem is American or English, and in the case of good poetry it is becoming, I believe, easier for the Englishman to enjoy American poetry and harder for him to tell whether it is English or American in origin. The similarity in form and content of 'Senlin', 'Fool i' the Forest', 'The Waste Land', the poems of Ellery Larsson, and 'The Hamlet of A. Macleish', and the mutual influences (pointed out by Mr. Grigson) of John Crowe Ransom, Robert Graves and Laura Riding, show (as Mr. Aiken's letter also shows) that English and American poets do not consider themselves to be drifting apart. When I spoke of convergence I was thinking of these poets, not of the poems which are offered to Mr. Grigson, which may well be, as he suggests, of a badness which is specifically American.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne

MICHAEL ROBERTS

To be brief in replying to Mr. Conrad Aiken on the differences between English and American poetry, it is pertinent (I hope not impertinent) to state first that Mr. Aiken is an expatriate American poet living in England, and sympathetically, we may suspect, perhaps even pathetically, anxious to 'converge'.

Of course, poetry 'in proportion as it approaches excellence, or depth, also approaches a kind of internationalism', but does that stop poetry, even the best poetry, from having valuable qualities which belong recognisably to one or another culture? And how is the influence of Eliot and Pound on their English contemporaries 'a striking proof of the closeness of the two poetries'? Is the influence of Homer on Milton a *striking* proof of the closeness of Greek heroic poetry and English poetry of the seventeenth century, or a proof rather, which is what Mr. Aiken would say, of the closeness of the archaic Greek 'psyche' and the 'psyche' of England in Milton's time? Does the influence of the French Symbolists on Eliot and others prove the convergence of French and American poetry or French and American culture? Eliot's individual Americanism seems to me important and very plain in Eliot's poems, and it is that which has falsely coloured (Mr. Aiken's metaphor is just right) so much English verse. Eliot has been a good influence only by his more central qualities of emotion, intellect and insight.

Mr. Aiken is ungrammatically fearful that I am 'one of those critics who looks for strangeness in American poetry and is dissatisfied when he doesn't find it'. One does not need to look far, but were Mr. Aiken right, how does that explain my 'rather disproportionate emphasis on Miss Riding' (mentioned twice in my letter) and my 'cavalier dismissal of Emily Dickinson? Miss Riding is a writer of intelligence and subtlety. Emily Dickinson, I repeat and amplify, was a naïf who wrote platitudes and commonplaces of feeling with a quaint twist which has deceived Mr. Aiken and others unable to separate her life from her poems, into holding her a great poet; and after comfortably saying that my opinion of Emily Dickinson 'discredits my critical judgment almost entirely', Mr. Aiken plods in with the four hooves of an uncritical elephant, by affirming that E. D. 'by any standards' was one of the finest poets of the nineteenth century and 'certainly' (help us) 'the greatest woman poet who has used the English language'. By what standards? The standard of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Tennyson, Hopkins, Browning, Christina Rossetti? Fiddle. Emily Dickinson had little to express and expressed it monotonously almost without knowledge of form, rhythm, or the elements of technique. Any honest person who doubts me should read her *Selected Poems* (1924) selected by Mr. Aiken, and read them everywhere; and then, if he wants to read a poet (I doubt if E. D. can be considered a poet at all), read Christina Rossetti. Her 'Passing Away' surpasses all that Mr. Aiken's pathetic, but as a poet somewhat ridiculous, heroine ever achieved.

Hampstead

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

Emily Dickinson is not only 'the greatest woman poet who has used the English language'—as Mr. Conrad Aiken so well-comely says in your current issue; she also shares with Blake the power to distil the very quintessence of lyrical poetry. Since none but a fool would dare make so sweeping a statement without substantiating it with at least one example, here it is:

Inebriate of air am I,
And debauchee of dew
Reeling through the endless summer days
From inns of molten blue.

(From the lyric which begins 'I taste a liquor never brewed').

The conspiracy among critics of a certain school to form an adverse judgment for us in the matter of Emily Dickinson's reputation is a phenomenon that could only be witnessed in a period of unparalleled distortion of literary values and critical topsy-turvydom, and can only be explained by the obvious difficulty of detecting the quality of light in the lucubrations of this school's poet-protégés so long as the dazzling sun of Emily Dickinson (among others) remains uncovered by a cloud of tendentious and envious critical misprision. *La médiocrité croit toujours s'agrandir.* . .

Dorset

GEORGE RICHARDS

Communism in China

In reply to Mr. E. R. Hughes' letter, printed in your issue of September 5, I must reaffirm that the Chinese Soviet Republic is the most important factor in the Chinese situation today, and as authority for this I refer Mr. Hughes to the statements on pages 21 and 22 of the Lytton Report of the League of Nations, part of which I quoted. Mr. Hughes ignores this testimony in his letter.

He is quite right about the number of primary schools. The statement I gave should have been qualified by the words 'in the Sin-Kwei district alone', omitted in typing my letter. In the whole of Kiangsi, Fukiang and Yehkang provinces, of course, there are many more—3,052 elementary schools and over 32,000 reading groups.

The Soviet Republic is constantly at war, and it is therefore difficult to get reliable information from any one source. My information is based on the reports of a few friends, Chinese and English, who have been in Central China within the last four years, and Chinese Workers' Correspondence, a bulletin of varied information which comes in fairly regularly from the Soviet districts. This information, so far as I can make out, is intended for the use of Communists in other lands, and I see no reason why it should be distorted. I can also refer Mr. Hughes, for authority, to the *North China Herald*, a paper of Nationalist sympathies, and the *China Weekly Review*, both published from Shanghai, which give mixed and sometimes contradictory reports of what is happening there.

I cannot believe Mr. Hughes when he says the Nanking Government does not borrow money primarily for the purpose of destroying the Soviets. They are neglecting their elementary social services. Several Colleges and Universities have been dissolved. Yet they maintain a standing army of 2,000,000 and have equipped six anti-Red campaigns with all the latest available mechanisation. Credits from America to the value of \$40,000,000 were supplied for the purchase of aeroplanes, and the English loan of \$20,000,000 was made to Lu Hsien, a War Lord who is concentrating all his forces on the Soviet districts.

I am surprised that Mr. Hughes has not heard of the Soviet University. I have seen several references to it from various sources. The report of Maotse-tung at the Second Soviet Congress on January 22, 1934, mentions it and also a Red Army University. The *New Republic*, of New York, stated at the end of last year that the Soviet Republic has 'maintained a stable government, a state bank of issue, an arms factory and a school system that had made immense progress towards its goal of providing universal free education'.

Mr. Hughes argues that since the Soviet districts are largely agricultural the Labour Laws are of no significance. He is obviously not in possession of the facts. The Labour Code safeguards the peasants and workers against exhaustive labour (Article 5), non-union terms of hire (6-9), child labour (15); it fixes their maximum working hours (14), allocates rest days (21), provides for wage agreements (25), gives women equal labour rights (29), and protection for women with babies (40), provides social insurance (68) and institutes a whole range of clauses to protect labour (44-57). Such provisions obviously benefit all kinds of workers.

Mr. Hughes' doubts about 'the seriousness of the attack' on

Foochow were obviously not shared by the British, French and American Governments, who ordered their warships to proceed to that port without delay.

King's Lynn

JOHN PEARSE

Thomas Telford and Nineteenth-Century Scotland

In an article on the Telford centenary in your issue of August 29, Mr. Kenneth Brown describes Scotland at the time when Telford began his work there (i.e. about 1801-2) as 'sunk deep in poverty and squalor after the Jacobite rebellions'.

While there might be some justification for this phrase if it was applied to Sutherland or the Hebrides, there is none for applying it to Scotland as a whole. When Telford began his work in Scotland in 1801-2, revolutionary developments in agriculture, industry, and the fisheries, and advances in medicine and sanitation, had raised the standard of living, in most parts of the Lowlands and the north-eastern shires, to a level little below that of rural England at the same period. Moreover, the Turnpike Act of 1792 had already had a marked effect on Scottish roads before Telford's work began.

Mr. Brown should study Colonel Fullarton's Report on Ayrshire to the Board of Agriculture in 1793, the third volume of Rogers' *Social History of Scotland*, and the correspondence of such men as Sir John Sinclair, Lord Fife, and George Dempster. There is a letter from Dempster to Henry Dundas in the National Library of Scotland (*Melville Papers*, Vol. 75), dated January 31, 1788, in which the writer thus summarises the changes in agricultural conditions in Angus: 'Three hundred acres round me here are left, to rich tenants, for the same rent which was only promised thirty years ago by a parcel of beggars for the whole barony of 2,000 acres'.

Scotland, in short, was a reasonably prosperous country several years before Telford left Shropshire. The Jacobite rebellions, in any case, had as little effect on the economic development of the country as Monmouth's rebellion had on England.

Haddington

JAMES FERGUSSON

Milk Production in Great Britain

In THE LISTENER of September 5 Mr. Spendlove says 'his constant wonder is that so little milk is drunk in this country.' He also tells us how many million gallons of surplus milk were produced in January, April and June, and says there is no demand for one pint per head per day.]

I suggest it is not because people do not want the milk, but simply that they cannot afford to buy it.

For instance, I know a family of four who have never had less than 1 quart of milk per day and often 3 pints, though true that is still less than 1 pint per person. At present prices that means at least 3s. 6d. per week, most weeks 4s. 3d. or 4s. 6d. for milk alone. Now the breadwinner is unemployed, which means that by the time rent, sick clubs, insurance, light and firing and other expenses are paid there is about 12s. or 13s. left for food and clothing and household necessities. Multiply this one case by millions, and you can see why not only milk, but meat, fruit and many other things cannot be sold. Before the War new milk was 3d. per quart, and skimmed milk could be obtained at 1d. per quart, but it does not seem possible to obtain skimmed milk now. With the addition of a little suet a good nourishing milk pudding can be made from it, and if it were possible to obtain would be a great boon to poor folk, especially where there are several children, but who can afford 6d. for milk for a pudding?

All producers are moaning that they cannot get decent prices, but it just amounts to this. I suppose most of us have a more or less regular amount for housekeeping, if we are lucky. We take so much milk, so much bread, so much meat, etc., per week. Milk goes up 1d. per quart. Very well, wages haven't gone up so we must have less milk. Bread goes up: that is less easy to do without, so something else must be cut out. Meat goes up. Well, perhaps fish and eggs will come a bit cheaper. Eggs go up, and when they get to 2s. a dozen are a luxury that most of us can't afford. As for bacon, it has soared right out of reach, so as far as I can see it just comes to this. Higher prices kill all demand. The unemployed and poorly paid have to pay half to three quarters of their income for a roof to cover them, and they've precious little to spend on necessities, let alone luxuries, and that in turn throws others out of work, with still less demand for produce. The best thing producers can do is to put their heads together to produce more work. The rest will follow.

Emsworth

E. FRANCIS

Gardening

Some Unwanted Plants

By JASON HILL

THERE are people who believe so strongly in their own merits that we tend to be hypnotised by their self-advertisement and it is only when they leave us, and the binding spell of their geniality is lifted, that we realise that we do not like them quite so much as we thought we did. There are several plants which seem, in the same way, to have impressed a spurious value on us. The Siberian Wallflower, Aubrietia and the dwarf scarlet Polyantha Roses, for example, have been admitted, almost as a matter of course, to nearly every garden in England, yet they are common not, I think, because we like them, but because, under the pressure of their insistent brightness, we seldom ask ourselves whether they are really worth growing.

'Nice and Bright'

The Siberian Wallflower, which is neither Siberian nor a wallflower, but an unintended hybrid raised in this country, is very floriferous and irresistibly easy to propagate, so that its glaring orange is usually presented as a flat sheet, and, although a colour cannot be ugly in itself and in all circumstances, yet equally an expanse of unbroken colour, unrelated to any other colour, can have no more value than an isolated musical note without overtones, such as the sustained note of a tuning fork; indeed, it can be just as irritating to the senses. The intense orange of the Siberian Wallflower is a colour that is not easy to accommodate in the garden, especially in spring, when there are not many strong, deep reds and yellows to harmonise with it, and we usually see it either overbearing every other colour in its neighbourhood or making a strident discord with Forget-me-nots and pink Tulips: it would be more in place among what D. H. Lawrence calls 'the bitter colours of autumn'. The bad quality of this plant is not due entirely to its colour, since this is partly dependent upon the design, or lack of design, in its flowers, for these are quite flat, with no shadowing contours, the petals do not overlap and there is no variety of colour in stamens or sepals to modify the prevailing tone. Fortunately it has given us a hybrid (with, I believe, *Cheiranthus mutabilis*) known as 'Newark Park' or 'Old Gold', in which this shortcoming is removed, for soon after the flowers open they become stippled with fawn and finish in tawny brown. It is a very desirable plant, a short-lived perennial, well worth the slight trouble of raising a cutting or two every other year.

Aubrietia comes from the sun-baked rocks of the Levant and it is surprising, and, I think, rather regrettable that it should have made itself so completely at home in this country, where, under cover of that reputation for refinement which most rock plants justly deserve, it has gone gay, and from being a dull, almost quakerish little crucifer, has broken out into fierce aniline tones of violet and magenta. These colours are not, of course, bad in themselves and the plant varies most commendably from seed, but it is so floriferous and effusive that it can hardly be restrained from spreading into streams and puddles of flat, blinding colour. It was named after M. Aubriet, the draughtsman who accompanied Tournefort on his princely tour of the Levant, but you will not often find it in the garden of an artist today; and, where it has been allowed full play, it is seldom that a little sober reflection will not bring the conclusion that the landscape would be better without it. Yet we have only ourselves to blame, for we have followed this blatant stranger's bad lead and we have done nothing to keep it in its place or to soften and enrich its colour.

The Rambler Roses have combined some bad colours with extravagant copiousness. Poor garish Dorothy Perkins has been hooted out of the gardens in which she was once so popular and now is seldom planted except on the rustic trellises of country/railway stations, but her place has been taken by much more malignant dwarf varieties in several harsh and acrid colours. The worst of these have said goodbye to all the good qualities of a rose by appearing with scentless, papery

flowers in fierce orange scarlet; this is an excellent colour by which to draw attention to pillar boxes and petrol pumps, but it is not one upon which the eye can dwell for any length of time with satisfaction. It is difficult, though not impossible, to find a place for these roses in the garden, where, however, we usually see them at their very worst, bedded out in the flagrant company of their fellows.

In defence or commendation of these plants it is often said that they are nice and bright, but it is doubtful if we like mere brightness in flowers any better than we do in people; if the most ardent lover of brightness is presented, for example, with a bed of scarlet Dahlias and another bed in which the same Dahlia is mixed with others of a crimson or purplish red, he will find, I am sure, that he prefers the less obviously bright picture.

The Inharmonious Prunus

Prunus pissartii has the same fault as Aubrietia and the Siberian Wallflower in its tendency to present a mass of colour which is out of relation to its surroundings. It might look well against a background of dark red brick, but almost invariably it appears as a great blotch of beetroot or liver colour in a setting of green, most strikingly and unpleasantly against the yellowish greens of early spring. Other trees which have taken on this strange colouring, such as the Copper Beech and the purple Hazel, are equally difficult to place harmoniously in the landscape, but none of them have been so popular as the Purple Prunus and its similar varieties among the Crab Apples. I think that we buy them because we react reflexly to their strangeness, as the salmon snaps up the fantastic fly, and, once we have got them, we do not like to admit that we have made a bad bargain; but they all make remarkably good firewood. The Prunus has short moments of beauty, in the bursting bud and the falling leaf, which is more than Aubrietia and the Siberian Wallflower provide, but it is stubbornly permanent, becoming more obtrusive with age, and I sometimes wonder whether it is not some deep, unconscious distaste that makes us change the name of M. Pissart, late gardener to the Shah of Persia, into a disparaging Rabelaisian form when we order the plant that bears his name.

There are some plants which recommend themselves speciously as an improvement upon a well-known variety, and thereby make us think that they are desirable, though sometimes they differ from the type only for the worse. Such a plant is the double reddish-pink Hawthorn. Walter Pater had a good word for it, and its thick sugary pink has amusing sentimental effect, like a *décor de ballet*, in close association with white or grey buildings; but it is the most urbane and sophisticated of flowering trees and it is always obnoxious in the green setting of the country. When it is planted next to Laburnum it is just a grim suburban joke. A similarly undesirable plant is that blowsy Pink, Mrs. Sinkins, bursting exuberantly out of its corsage, which has foisted itself upon the garden as an improvement upon the neat little fringed white Pink, that is now almost extinct. It has the merit of a sweet and powerful scent, but only because of its excessive production of petals, and we can have as much fragrance from a liberal planting of better-looking varieties.

In quite another category there are plants which are unwanted, not by the majority, but by the individual gardener, who is often too humble-minded to admit to himself that he does not really like certain plants that everyone else admires; and therefore he continues to grow, let us say, Sweet Peas and Daffodils, without discovering that there is something unpleasing to him in their design and without discovering what he does like; and so it comes about that our gay English gardens are generally very much alike and show much less individual character than their owners do.

Mr. John Morgan is broadcasting a new series of talks 'For Farmers Only' on Wednesday evenings at 6.45 p.m.

Lessons Learned from this Year's Plants

By C. H. MIDDLETON

IT is interesting to note the varying effects on gardens of the two dry summers we have had. My own observations are confined to the South, where we had a very dry time, and the gardens have suffered a good deal more than they have in the North. Take trees first. How many of you have lost a walnut tree this year? I have seen six dead walnut trees lately in different parts of the country; why? I could find no signs of any disease or anything of that kind, and can only conclude that, their feeding roots being near the surface, they could not survive the prolonged drought. I may be wrong. Then take the mountain ash; it has been quite common of late to see this tree looking very sorry for itself, and even dead or dying, especially in dry spots, which suggests that the mountain ash prefers moist quarters, and will not tolerate dry shallow soil, a point worth remembering. On the other hand, some trees, such as the silver birch, don't seem to mind it at all. I think you will find that, as a rule, the trees with small leaves do best in dry soils, while those with large leaves require rather more moisture at the roots.

I dare say you all noticed what a wonderful show of bloom we had this year on all the flowering trees and shrubs. Have you ever seen a better show of apple blossom, for instance, or lilac, or rambler roses? I never have. This was largely due to last year's weather, the perfect late summer and autumn having thoroughly ripened up the wood and developed plenty of flower buds. You usually find, if the latter half of the summer is dry and sunny, the trees and shrubs flower well the following spring. I hope I'm a bad prophet; but I don't think we can expect such a good show next year, because the recent rainy spells haven't been very helpful to the ripening process. In the flower borders, too, we have seen some interesting results, particularly with annuals. In my case, I had very few successes, especially with the first sowings: many of them failed altogether and didn't produce a single plant, and yet seeds from last year's plants, which had been in the soil all the winter, came up beautifully, especially cosmoses. I have never seen anything like it. In the spring I helped a friend to plant a border of mixed flowers, phloxes, delphiniums, and so on, and a miserable looking lot they were. In June there was hardly a flower in the border, and then cosmoses began to appear as if by magic, and for the past month the border has been a brilliant display of pink, white and red cosmoses, some of them four and five feet high, and the other poor plants are now hopelessly lost somewhere in the jungle below. The strange part of it is that in another part of the garden cosmos seeds were sown but failed to appear. Escholtzias and marigolds and other plants also came up and flourished where we didn't sow them.

Of the transplanted annuals, I think zinnias have made the finest show of all. Some of the enormous flowers, in brilliant shades of crimson and scarlet, have been really striking. Stocks have been a great success, too. Plants which started flowering in July are still making a good show, and the antirrhinums have been flowering on and off since June, and I believe the last few weeks have been better than any. They didn't seem to mind the dry weather at all. The only snag about antirrhinums is the nasty disease known as rust, which has been wiping out whole beds of plants in many places. It is to be hoped that we shall soon find a cure or preventive for it.

In the herbaceous border, one of my favourite flowers is the phlox, and it has been very noticeable how much happier these have been in shady corners than in the full sunshine. I planted some of the new orange and scarlet varieties, and on the sunny side the flowers were scorched brown as soon as they opened, and they looked very sorry for themselves, but a plant or two on the shady side were simply lovely, and flowered for quite a long time. Another plant which has done well this year, especially in the shade, is the hardy fuchsia. There are several varieties of hardy fuchsias, and I would strongly advise you to try some of them. The only attention they require is to cut them right down every spring, and let them sprout out afresh, and they don't seem to mind where you plant them. I have seen them this year flourishing on the wind-swept South Downs, and also in a shady Midland garden. Their strong point is that they give their best display when most of the summer flowers are getting tired and uninteresting. I don't know that they really prefer the shade, but they are quite happy there; so if you have a corner or a narrow border under the window on the shady side of the house, and

can't make up your mind what to put there, try fuchsias, and I don't think you'll be disappointed.

Hydrangeas have had an exceptionally good season, and judging by my correspondence, a good many people have been so impressed by them that they want to grow them, and have asked me for a few tips. Well, the first thing to remember is that hydrangeas are not quite hardy, so you must choose the most sheltered and sunny position you can find for them. In the south they often settle down all right and get through the winter quite well, but in colder districts it is best to plant them close to the wall in a sheltered corner, and even there they may require a little protection during the hard weather, especially during their first year or two. Another important point is drainage. They will never thrive if their roots are in cold water all the winter, so, before you plant, put a layer of broken bricks or other drainage material under the roots to carry off the surplus water. The spring is the best time to plant, and if you buy them in pots, they are much more likely to succeed than if lifted from the open ground. Many people make a mistake by giving them too much water after they have finished flowering. They prefer a rather dry time during the autumn. Pruning is fairly simple, and you can do it now if you haven't already finished. You will notice that each head of flower is at the end of a shoot which grew during the spring, so you cut back this shoot, leaving only two leaves at the bottom; then you will get strong shoots in the spring to flower in the summer. Don't cut the old hard wood if you can help it, but only the young shoots which have grown and borne flowers during the present year. If you remember that, you won't go very far wrong.

New Novels

Broadcasting on September 19, Dr. A. J. Cronin dealt with the following novels:

A Handful of Dust, by Evelyn Waugh (Chapman and Hall, 7s. 6d.): 'The essential theme of this novel is the tragic impotence of simple-hearted, simple-minded virtue in a world of predatory inhumanity and callous self-interest. . . . One does not know which to admire more—Mr. Waugh's fertility of invention or the bare economy of phrase whereby he casts the pearl indifferently away almost before he has revealed it. . . . If you haven't already got hold of this book, I strongly advise you to do so'.

The Curate's Wife, by E. H. Young (Cape, 7s. 6d.): 'Dahlia, pretty, gay and independent, with a bright untrained intelligence and a mother who once kept lodgings, is the curate's wife . . . in the country town of Radstowe, where charladies still wear fur tippets and the greengrocers an obsequious smirk as they proffer their asparagus; . . . where, in short, feudalism still survives and the eighth deadly sin is to have a mother who "did" for gentlemen, especially when the verb is conjugated in its most elastic sense. . . . Subtlety of perception, a delicate sense of values, a feeling for the warm undertones of ordinary commonplace human behaviour and wit—these are the qualities of Miss Young's work'.

Red Saunders, by 'Sinbad' (Harrap, 8s. 6d.) and *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, by B. Traven (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.) give 'that resolutely muscled action which *The Curate's Wife* does not pretend to offer'. *Red Saunders* begins with a 'large house party in a small hunting shire at a noble house which has often welcomed royalty and which harbours a ghost' and contains a six-foot hero in an old Etonian tie who surprises the villain coming out of the heroine's room at midnight, leaves him fit for nothing but a plaster cast and a bath chair, and goes off East in a tramp steamer. In *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* is 'a wealth of observed and authentic fact unostentatiously presented as fiction. "Gold", says old Howard "is the devil". And this is the theme which develops subtly and richly under the straight yet terrific narrative of three ordinary men who go out together to puddle gold. . . . It is a grand book, one of those books which is profound by instinct rather than by design'.

The End of a Childhood (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.): short stories by Henry Handel Richardson—special mention of 'The Professor's Experiment' and 'The Life and Death of Peterle Luthy'.

Books and Authors

Tradesmen, Gentlemen and Artists

Art. By Eric Gill. Twentieth Century Library. Lane. 2s. 6d.

Reviewed by WYNDHAM LEWIS

HERE, I AM SORRY TO SAY, is yet another attack upon the pagan or secular principle in art. (I cannot help sometimes feeling sorry that M. Maritain has not spent the major part of his time in the aloof austerities of a contemplative life, rather than in over-stimulating journalism!) And here, improperly, I think, commercialism is blamed for the secular character of contemporary art. For that, however, it seems to me, we have to go back to the age of Galileo, and stop there. Whatever may have been the role of the Medicis, in fertilising art with their 'dough', the usurious banker-kings of the modern world (the villains of the piece according to Mr. Gill) have extremely little to do with art of any sort, except perhaps music. And they prevent no one from going to church: rather they encourage it, since by that means people are kept out of establishments of good cheer, where they spend too much money.

But the crimes of commercialism—of regarding everything in terms of buying and selling—have often been most ably exposed by persons less famous than Mr. Eric Gill. What is peculiar to Mr. Gill's exposure is the great stress he lays upon the virtues of *anonymity*. 'Art', in his definition, is just anything we do: walking, for instance, is a major art; lighting the fire, playing tennis, painting the Sistine Ceiling, painting the front door—everything is equally an 'art'. So why make a fuss about it? And above all, why notify the world *who* did it, whatever it may be? When you stick a couple of stamps on an envelope in their right place (a difficult art!) you don't *sign* your handiwork, do you! Well, the same applies to sticking statues on the front of Chartres Cathedral. Such is the argument.

No theatrical producer could hate the 'star', and the whole principle of the star performer, more fiercely than does Mr. Gill. At the mere hint of a *name* associated with a work of art—the name of the fellow who did it—Mr. Eric Gill drops his chisel and mallet and bursts into angry speech. There is for him something 'unholy' about a signature upon a picture or statue. 'Anonymous art is essentially religious art: and religious art is essentially anonymous. And all art should be religious art. Such is Mr. Gill's argument. God's signature, as it were, is to be seen upon everything that is excellent. Why should the irrelevant name of an individual creature be there too?

That the 'star' performer is (entirely apart from his or her princely salary) a nuisance, who would deny?—seeing what attributes today conduct an artist, in most cases, to stardom, and its Rolls-Royces. All performers, of any excellence, act, paint, carve, build or write as if they were nameless. But the thing once done they 'touch' the money to which their name entitles them; or the object once made, they duly sign it—if their signature is worth anything: for the thing could not have been done at all (for the greater glory of God or otherwise) if it had not been for the name in question, as things are. The thing is after all none the worse for the little discreet signature in the corner, even if it be none the better. But there are some people, says Mr. Gill, who fancy themselves as 'the burgess', if possible the burghmaster. Yes, we might add, and there are some who, William Morris-like, fancy themselves as 'the craftsman', still. The latter is a less objectionable form of romanticism than the former, but it remains a romanticism—a defect where Reason is concerned (and Mr. Gill is all for reason, of course).

Many attempts have been made recently (mainly by those same commercial gentry disliked so much by Mr. Gill—since 'names' have to be paid for—the 'name' costs money, even if it makes money) to return to a mediæval anonymity. To suppress the 'star', the 'great name', is as much a dream of his 'money-bug' as it is of that 'maker', Mr. Gill. 'How lovely'—has pondered the publisher, the impresario, the advertisement agent—'how lovely if I could sell to the public for just the same money a theatre, a concert, a Book Club, an art-gallery ticket, but one which entails no expensive *name* whatsoever as an attraction!' (The cult of 'the first novel' is an illustration of this. No love of 'youth' or of 'budding talent' comes into the salesman's strategy. When the *second* novel comes along, that fact becomes at once apparent to first-novelists.) All this is a commonplace of the art-scene with which Mr. Gill is dealing; everyone will agree with him regarding the corruption that accompanies the cult of the 'name'. But is he really helping the artist (or the craftsman) of this 1934, by his insistence—in an age fetid with self-advertisement—upon a personal obscurity, an obscurity in which he could not participate himself if he

would? The lines of social snobbery upon which his argument runs, however, give a very odd twist to this in many ways admirable diatribe.

The painter is a tradesman—a high-class tradesman, high enough sometimes to be the friend of princes, but never a gentleman'. These words may be taken as the burden of Mr. Gill's song: though a 'tradesman' at no time has any painter worth talking about been. And always it has been the prince who was high enough—just of sufficient distinction of intellect—to be classed as the friend of a great painter: not *vice versa*. And the sense in which Mr. Gill uses the word 'gentleman' smacks (pleasantly it is true, but with a painful unreality) of a social system that is extinct, and of a snobbery which, it is perhaps as well, is obsolete. 'Where is now the Gentleman'—in spite of the fact that neither Adam delves nor Eve spins any longer, the machine having replaced their crude activities?

Mr. Gill is throughout preoccupied by (1) the 'gentility': and (2) the anonymity of the painter, architect sculptor, and indeed all 'artists'. He would have us all go back to the good old days when a rope was placed across a drawing-room, in front of the piano, to prevent the musical performers from contaminating the guests, or when the painter of pictures ranked beneath the tallow-dealer. He is really astonishingly preoccupied with questions of precedence, in a way that would do honour to an Anglo-Indian official.

What is this strange antediluvian social snobbery that causes this distinguished sculptor to so go on about trade—about art being 'a trade'? Fine as much of Mr. Gill's book is, what is he in fact talking about, with his 'workmen' and 'gentlemen' in the year of disgrace 1934? If you insist upon treating Mr. Augustus John, say, like a plumber (and sturdily refuse him the title of Esquire upon an envelope, to take an illustration in the spirit of Mr. Gill's text) you certainly have to treat surgeons, for example, in the same manner. What on earth was the Government thinking about in elevating a man in such a trade as that of Lord Moynihan's to the peerage? No: that rather unpleasant type of workman, like the famous butcher who performed the first Cæsarian operation, would remain, side by side with butchers and barbers, as 'tradesmen' or 'workmen' pure and simple—and so spare Mr. Gill (a bit too sensitive to these class distinctions of a happier day) the distress of remarking one of these low fellows intruding into, say, such a distinguished preserve of the 'upper-classes' as the lounge of the Savoy Hotel: where in future nothing but city gentlemen, Brits and Yanks (with perhaps an occasional penniless Lord or two, or General, dependant upon their favours) would be seen.

But since there is no point in wasting time in discussing these niceties of 'tradesman' status where the artist is concerned, as does Mr. Gill, unless there is *somewhere* a category of men who are admittedly in a social universe so far superior to that of the mere landscape-painter—or surgeon—as to require all this insistence upon his inferior social status: who then, constituted as society is today, are these privileged grandees? Who else can they be than the members of the monied mercantile class who occupy the great houses and hotels, for the most part, in the West End of London, and fill its clubs? And—with no disrespect at all to the gentlemen in question—would Mr. Gill require of us a bearing of respect, and forms of address appropriate to a non-proletarian rank, for his usurious magnate, and withhold the same from Mr. Augustus John, Sir Hamilton Harty, Lord Moynihan, Sir Edwin Lutyens? Is the occupation of these latter so much less noble and worthy of respect than is the acquisition of wealth in finance and in trading?

Mr. Gill has made me stick up for the poor impoverished 'artist' more than I ordinarily do; for I am sure under Mr. Gill's rule there would be no 'art' left at all—as things are. But I would not have it thought that, as regards much that Mr. Gill says, I am out of sympathy: I am in entire agreement with him upon many points, among others upon the necessity for art to rest upon more serious foundations than upon the personal vanity or uncultivated pleasure-sense of a good-timers' democracy. If people were shown pictures or carvings that were of gods or devils, or of holy men or saints, they would not expect them to be *pretty* at least. They would not impose upon the artist standards of a sugary—or of a human-all-too-human-pleasantness—the equivalent in the matters of the eye of the 'happy ending' in popular fiction.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Sermons by Artists. Golden Cockerel Press. 21s.

TEN ARTISTS—Paul Nash, David Low, Robert Gibbings, Eric Kennington, Leon Underwood, Stanley Spencer, Edmund Sullivan, Roger Fry, Will Dyson and Percy Smith—have been persuaded 'to take a text from Holy Scripture and to write thereon a sermon expressive of their attitude towards life'. So the purpose of this finely printed book is described in the Foreword. The idea was a good one, but the result is as dull as most collections of sermons. In fact, most of the contributors seem to have taken their task too literally, and to have aimed at producing a passable imitation of a church sermon. Not one of the artists seems to be of an orthodox persuasion; but their heresies wear a very genteel air. Their attitude towards life is that of an average agnostic: a sweet reasonableness, live and let live, bread-board mottoes. There is no consciousness of an exceptional attitude, of an exceptional eye. The artist is the human being who comes nearest to reality in its concreteness; and from this special faculty of vision he ought to be able to construct a theology at the opposite extreme to the theology of the mystics, whose special faculty it is to see things in their universal abstraction. One sermon in this book, and one only, comes near to such a conception of the task—it is a sermon on the text 'He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love', by Stanley Spencer. It is entirely simple and sincere, but also eloquent, like a Meditation of Traherne. 'Love is the essential power in the creation of art and love is not a talent. Love reveals and more accurately describes the nature and meaning of things than any mere lecture on technique can do. And it establishes once and for all time the final and perfect identity of every created thing'. Love in this sense is the revelation of the concreteness of things, the artistic mode of perception; but the process, in the plastic artist, does not end there. 'An artist wishes to absorb everything into himself: to commit a kind of spiritual rape on everything because this converts all things into being or revealing themselves as lovable, worshipful things, snugly tucked up in the artist and his own special glory and delight. Distortion arises from the effort to see something in a way that will enable him to love it'. The artist wishes to mould things nearer to the heart's desire—that is why the artist must go beyond the mere representation of appearances. Because he loves and therefore knows the nature of reality, he can create the super-reality of art.

Mr. Spencer's sermon will make the reader look at his paintings with a new interest. So much cannot be said of any of the other contributions, but a reservation must be made in Mr. Fry's case. His sermon is the most definitely anti-religious one in the book, and it is the least concerned with art. But it contains a magnificent defence of the rights of the intellect, a timely protest against that ingenious but unscrupulous argument which would make the intellect a symbol or an instrument of human pride.

The Censor, the Drama and the Film

By Dorothy Knowles. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

This is the best and fairest survey of what censorship means in the allied fields of film and stage that has yet appeared. Miss Knowles does not set out to state a propagandist case against censorship—indeed, her book is a strictly documented record with a minimum of expression of opinion—but the effect of the facts she presents is to show up the contradictions and anomalies in which the Censor, however well meaning he may be, is bound to become involved. It is not only that times are always changing, so that what is anathema to one occupant of the Censor's office appears respectable to his successor; or that Censors are liable to have their carefully-thought-out policies interfered with by arbitrary directions from higher but secret authorities; but rather that censorship must always be a reflex of the prejudices and desires of public opinion of the day, which besides being usually inconsistent, is always suspicious of innovation, unconventionality and progress. It is easy, therefore, to poke fun or find fault with the best Censor in the world; his task cannot really be performed on a basis of reason at all. Yet without a Censor we should not escape censorship; only that function, instead of being exercised on some sort of plan by an official who is known and can at least be criticised, would be exercised arbitrarily and without warning by mob-rule, or by government. In dealing with the older form of censorship—that relating to the drama—Miss Knowles shows how before the War

the Censor's activities were much more severe than after, and there was even then a sustained agitation against his existence, which produced the enquiry of 1909. But the Censor survived, and an indirect effect of his work today is the growth of a non-commercial branch of the theatre, in which unusual and banned plays are produced without profit—for the Censor's rule applies only to plays produced 'for gain'.

In the case of the film censorship Miss Knowles is dealing with an organisation which was instituted by the film trade itself as a protection against public opinion and the likelihood of state interference. Gradually this institution has gained recognition by authority; but its power is still founded on the fact that a fairly elaborate organisation is required for the viewing and censoring of films, and therefore local authorities have been willing to take the decisions of this trade-constituted Censor and adopt them as their own, imposing their observance as part of the regulations affecting licensing of picture theatres. The drawbacks to this kind of censorship are, that it leads to the censoring of much that is artistically and sociologically interesting, while leaving untouched much that is vulgar, silly or otherwise undesirable. It is attacked from two sides. A powerful movement has complained that it is not vigorous enough; on the opposite side, an advanced group asks for the setting up of a State censorship, and the elimination of commercial influences. A State censorship would probably be more severe and arbitrary than the present system, but it would be less open to indirect influence. Miss Knowles stresses the point that no Censor of films can do the really important and much needed work of raising the general standard of films shown. This can only be accomplished by positive encouragement of good films—such as is undertaken by the new British Film Institute—rather than by suppression of bad ones.

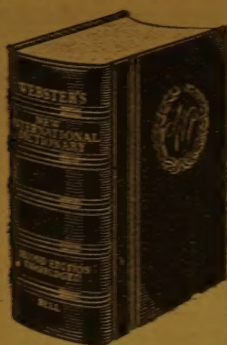
The Modernist Movement in the Roman Church

By A. R. Vidler. Cambridge Press. 12s. 6d.

It was time that an attempt was made to estimate the value of the Modernist movement, and Mr. Vidler has supplied this need in a judicial and well-documented book. It is perhaps an advantage that he is not himself a Roman Catholic, for it would be difficult for a loyal member of that communion to forget that the aims and methods of the movement have been condemned by authority. The story, which finishes with the Papal Encyclical *Pascendi* in 1907 and the excommunication of Loisy and Tyrrell, is a tragic one, full of human interest as well as theological significance. It is curious to reflect that the movement which came to be denounced as the most subtle attack on the Catholic faith began as an essay towards a new apologetic. The Abbé Loisy, in his book *L'Evangile et L'Eglise*, intended to controvert the version of Christianity which was held by liberal Protestants and in particular the views of Professor Harnack. It was hoped that a full acceptance of the results of Biblical criticism could be shown to be in harmony with the Catholic conception of the Church. In working out this thesis a support was found in the theory of the development of doctrine which Cardinal Newman had suggested, though of course it would be absurd to suppose that the great Cardinal had any conscious leanings towards modernism. Mr. Vidler points out that there were two types of modernism, one which was chiefly interested in the historical problem, and another which desired a change in the philosophical basis of theology. Modernists did not form a school with common and well-defined doctrines, they were men who agreed on the necessity of revising the dogmatic system and the apologetic of the Church in the light of modern knowledge. Mr. Vidler is probably right in thinking that the Biblical question and the freedom of criticism were the most important aspects of modernism, and it was round them that the controversy chiefly turned. Modernism could claim in this country a great writer of prose in Tyrrell, and, in its earlier phases, a great scholar in Baron von Hugel.

The Modernist movement affected France, England, Italy and Germany, but seems to have had little influence in America. The problem whether it was doomed to failure from the start is only of academic interest, since it did in fact completely fail; indeed it would be difficult to think of any other movement which produced effects so opposite to those which its leaders desired. More interesting is the question why it failed. No doubt the main cause is to be found in the ethos and tradition of the Roman

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Church; but there is a minor cause which has not been sufficiently noticed. It is that modernist writers never gained any considerable number of readers among the laity of their own communion. Perhaps there are not many Roman Catholic laymen who take an intelligent interest in theology, preferring to leave these matters to the experts; but whatever the reason, modernist books were read far more widely by Anglicans than by Roman Catholics. The consequence of this was that there was no powerful body of church opinion outside the clerical ranks to which appeal could be made.

To all appearance the Modernist movement is dead in the Church which gave it birth. The disciplinary measures which were taken against it have reduced to silence any clerical adherents who still remained. Many of its great men are dead. M. Loisy would not now call himself a Christian, and has lost faith in the future of the Church. In his latest book, *La Naissance du Christianisme*, he compares the present time with the period of the decline of paganism in the Roman Empire; just as then the facade of paganism hid the growth of Christianity, so now, in his opinion, the facade of Christianity hides the growth of the 'religion of humanity'. The new philosophical basis for dogma has been rejected and the old Scholasticism has taken a new lease of life. Such fruits as there were have been gathered by Anglican theology and by a few German Lutherans such as Friedrich Heiler. Does modernism still work secretly in the Roman Church, and is there any possibility of its resurrection? To this question even Mr. Vidler can give no answer.

Red Road through Asia. By Bosworth Goldman
Methuen. 12s. 6d.

Goodbye Russia. By Captain Evan Cameron
Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.

Three claims can be established for *Red Road through Asia*. It is novel, it is readable, and it is (as a rule) reliable—a trio of virtues which set it far above the majority of books about Soviet Russia. Mr. Goldman's route was not the prescribed tourist itinerary of Leningrad-Moscow-Kharkov-Kiev. He sailed in a South Wales tramp to the ice-bound timber-ports of the Kara Sea, made a difficult journey down through the heart of Siberia, then turned West through Turkestan and Armenia and emerged finally at Constantinople. It is a route which no other traveller has attempted since the Revolution; and this record therefore has exceptional value as an account of conditions among those purely Asiatic races who are subject to the remote control of Moscow. The penetration of Soviet precept and method among these diverse elements of the new Russia is full of anomalies. Siberia is becoming a beehive of industrial activity. Icebreakers are opening the Northern Highway; power stations and machinery are building up an immense timber production; and the Siberians are being conditioned by all the familiar and ingenious devices of Soviet propaganda. Yet an inch below the surface of it all, Mr. Goldman—who speaks Russian and who was unchaperoned—encountered all the unregenerate individualism of a race which may obediently repeat its lessons, but which doesn't really learn them. The old mistakes of colonisation are being made here, just as they were in the nineteenth century during the European penetration of the South Seas. By the imposition of 'hygiene' upon their native culture, the nomad Samoyedes, who were healthy in their stuffy tents, are being exterminated by the consumption they develop in the sanitary wooden houses in which Moscow has ordered them to live. Mr. Goldman is not, on balance, favourably impressed with Soviet rule, generally because it strikes him as having no roots in the actual life of these remoter Russian peoples. Yet now and again he is inclined to identify Bolshevism with sins which are as old as civilisation—such as the tyranny of petty officials; or as old as industry—such as the intrusion of telephones and street-houses and petrol engines into the romantic but squalid cities of Turkestan. What he calls 'The Russian invasion of the East' is really only another chapter in a story which began in England a hundred-and-fifty years ago; and Stalin and Henry Ford are cousins under the skin. Mr. Goldman is particularly concerned about one of the consequences of the new development of Siberia. The Siberians, he says, in their new framework of industry, with regular hours and wages, are suffering from 'the gradual emptying of the day and the disbandment of the family to which they were accustomed'; and he rightly foresees the intense difficulties Russia is going to have over the problems of leisure. And yet they are fundamentally problems of the same nature as those which already afflict Western Europe and America. But *Red Road*

through Asia is not primarily a discussion of political values. It is a travel-chronicle, and one of very high quality. Few routes could offer such a variety of interest and experience as this, from the Arctic Circle to the ancient cities of Tamerlane; and Mr. Goldman's narrative has in it so much observation, sensibility and descriptive power as to stand out even in this vintage year of travel books.

Goodbye Russia is a discursive account of the evacuation of Russian refugees from the Black Sea ports in 1919. When Captain Cameron is discussing politics he soon gets out of his depth, but the actual story of the work he did in his transport, the *Rio Negro*, is interesting. It was a dangerous job in every way, beset by the perils of climate, navigation and disease as well as by the perpetual risks of enemy attack. But it was carried out with skill and courage; and it deserves its place in the long and honourable catalogue of naval rescue work.

Dust. By S. Cyril Blacktin. Chapman and Hall. 18s. 'Dust is one of the most immense and widespread commonplaces. Neither exclusively empirical, nor exclusively regulated in Science or Art, dust belongs to all these spheres. It plays a part, an immense and important one, in all aspects of life on the earth—human or otherwise. Its conception is a universal conception'. With these odd sentences Dr. Blacktin begins his book. The subject he has made his own by wide reading and study; on part of it—coal-dust and its relation to safety in mines—he is *the* authority. The book is comprehensive. Something about every aspect of dust is discussed; dust in general, dust in nature, dust in everyday experience, dust in experimental sciences, dust in geology, dust in botany, dust in industry and technology, dust in pathology and physiology—these are the principal divisions of the subject. It is fully documented; there are references to nearly five hundred and fifty original papers. It is primarily for technical readers but, as a work of reference, many general readers will find it informed and accurate. Regarded as a book, however, and not just a *précis* of information, it is disappointing. Its merits are badly marred by the tortuous idiom in which much of it is written. It is really difficult in places to know what the author is at, not because of technicalities, but because of the way in which the words have been put together. He is not slipshod through lack of practice or because he employs jargon or circumlocutions; he is a stylist, perhaps a consciously developed stylist. But the style is bad; it is quite unsuited for a work on science. Frank Harris' love of shortening a phrase by joining two words with a hyphen has been added to Browning's or Meredith's practice on their bad days. A sentence on tobacco ash is typical: 'Whilst ash-tray use will largely restrict atmospheric dissemination, somewhat enhanced by rain water dissolution, a large tobacco-ash quota will supplement breathable-dust population'. Too much of the book is like this.

Charles Lamb: by his Contemporaries. Compiled by Edmund Blunden. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

Charles Lamb. By Orlo Williams. Duckworth. 2s.

In view of the discoveries made by Mr. Lucas in the research of a lifetime, leaving little for later explorers, there could be no more appropriate book on Lamb than the one which starts the Hogarth Press series. The design of the series is to present its subjects entirely through the eyes of contemporaries, from descriptions made by those who knew them and from the documents of their day. And no compiler could be chosen more appropriately than Mr. Blunden, a scholar as familiar with the period and its byways as even any contemporary could be; indeed, he can be thought of as a contemporary and fellow 'Old Blue' with Lamb, Coleridge and Leigh Hunt. It must be said, of course, that he was lucky in having a subject about whom the allusions are as rich in quantity as they are attractive. The usual summing-up of Charles Lamb is in such simple words as 'gentle-hearted' (against which Lamb protested to Coleridge with more asperity than the occasion needed), 'frolic' and 'witty'. And they are an all too simple way of escaping from a formidable literary task. He is one of the most elusive, complex cases in an era which was fruitful of them. Charles Lamb the man lived as nobly and was as gentle as his admirers say; Lamb the letter-writer was as profound as he was amusing; Elia the essayist, though his works have a pervading charm which captivates simple and learned alike, was a philosopher, but without a 'philosophy', and a critic as subtly intellectual and hard to analyse as any great writer of his time. Mr. Blunden makes a good hit in calling him 'this singular creator of beautiful illusions, this seer of humanities'. But that, too, leaves so much

among the perplexities. Perhaps, after all the talk of a century, we have to record our gratitude for Coleridge's casual estimate as being nearer completion than any other:

Charles Lamb has more totality and individuality of character than any other man I know, or have ever known in all my life. In most men we distinguish between the different powers of their intellect as one being predominant over the other. The genius of Wordsworth is greater than his talent, though [that is] considerable. The talent of Southey is greater than his genius, though [that is] respectable; and so on. But in Charles Lamb it is altogether one; his genius is talent, and his talent is genius, and his heart is as whole and one as his head.

That is the summing-up of an observer of genius. It leaves little to be said. Coleridge understood Lamb better than any of his friends; and better than most men of letters of later times. The passage is quoted more extensively by Mr. Blunden; and stands out in its penetrating power above everything else, although we gladly welcome all the testimonies. It is significant of Lamb's completeness of mind and character that witnesses so various as those assembled in this book should combine to produce a portrait so well balanced and satisfying. Carlyle's is the only brushwork not in tone; that sole contrast provides further evidence that Carlyle, who spent his life in calling men to prayer to dead heroes, could never recognise a living one when he met him face to face. He was as wrong about Lamb as he was about Coleridge. Astonishment must be recorded that a book so clearly demanding an index should be issued by the publishers without one.

Mr. Orlo Williams has produced a model of a biography in brief. It has all the essentials. There are no new 'facts' for readers acquainted with Elian literature; but even they will be grateful for a point of view which is given with such refreshing grace of style from start to finish; while to beginners it can be recommended as a safe guide to glorious fields. Mr. Williams insists, without sentimentality, on the personal character of the Charles Lamb who invented Elia, a 'compound of poetry, loving-kindness, courage, waywardness and transparent honesty, to whom the hearts of many different men went out in his lifetime and have gone out since'. He makes a good point in destroying allusions about Mary Lamb, of whom we have Charles' own assurance that she was his 'guardian angel'. The philosophical reflections in 'Old China' are put into the mouth of Bridget; and these, as Mr. Williams observes, 'are not the reflections of a childish mind'.

Understand the Chinese. By W. Martin Methuen. 7s. 6d.

As Sir Arthur Salter says in his introduction to this book, William Martin, whose death occurred recently at the prime of life, was a great publicist, a great liberal and a great internationalist. He adds that some of its contents are provocative and controversial. And no one will quarrel with this comment: For Martin, while he was too conscientious and sincere to write anything like deliberate propaganda, does feel passionately the responsibility which the West has incurred towards China. At the same time he tries to be scrupulously fair. In his treatment, for instance, of the mentality of the foreign community at Shanghai, and of China's attitude in the Sino-Japanese dispute, he makes that effort to understand not only the Chinese to which he invites the reader in the title of his book, but also the point of view of others—an effort for which he was himself so eminently equipped. The result is a book which, within its limits, has great value. The limits are not of his creation. He was in China for a comparatively short time—less than a year; it was his first visit to the East; he understood neither the spoken nor the written word; and he could not travel extensively. But with his wide sympathies and trained powers of observation, and using his exceptional opportunities of winning the confidence of the leading Chinese, he saw, divined and recorded more of what matters about modern China than any recent visitor.

The main purpose of the book is, of course, an analysis and description of political and social conditions; but it does not run to those abstractions which are the pitfall of politically minded observers. And everywhere it is illuminated by personal touches and descriptions of 'things which you can touch and see'—subjects deftly chosen and rendered with a vividness which is not lost in the excellent English translation. Take, for instance, the following picture of a scene in the Chinese quarter of Shanghai:

Here is a shop with baby-linen embroidered in bright red; here are white coffins and crude pictures for frightening away evil spirits; caged crickets to bring good luck; old teeth still covered with blood, exhibited by the dentists. The temple of Confucius is a fair in which food and Buddhas and incense are sold. Seal-makers rub shoulders with public letter-writers. Portraits of Sun Yat-sen float in the wind; bird-sellers bathe their parrots, and little crowds stand for hours looking at tortoises taking their ease in water that has turned greenish.

Perhaps the most interesting single chapter is the account of

'the men who rule China' from Nanking; but his visit to Canton, 'the cradle of revolutions', yielded a rich harvest. One regrets, of course, that he did not, obviously could not, visit Manchuria. And if only he had had time to penetrate to Szechuan! He indicates somewhere that the hinterland does not matter. Perhaps that is a profound mistake. So many foreign travellers, diplomats, experts have skimmed over the littoral, fascinated by the attempt of the Nanking Government to import wisdom from the West, watching the Chinese 'going modern'. One sometimes suspects that the more lasting forces lie elsewhere.

Walks and Talks. By Sir Arnold Wilson Oxford University Press. 5s.

When Sir Arnold Wilson was elected Member of Parliament for North Hertfordshire he did a very wise and courageous thing; he took long walks through his constituency hoping that by the roadside, in farmyard, field and inn he would find men willing to talk to him about themselves. Thanks to his gift of sympathy and his straightforward simple approach, his experiment proved most successful, and the results are set down in this book. People are usually interesting when they talk about their jobs, and as the men in the book are real people discussing their own problems, the views expressed on housing, road-making, the pig industry, the wheat quota and education are more illuminating than any number of Parliamentary debates on the subjects.

'Less on roads and more on houses', says a roadmender, 'and folk would be happier all round. It's the same everywhere. No money for anything but racing tracks for joy riders; no money for footpaths; when they do make 'em along the road they're so rough that a woman can't wheel a baby-cart on them. I'd be better pleased building houses—that's my job'.

But *Walks and Talks* will attract all lovers of the countryside whether they are interested in politics or no, for it takes us through the Hertfordshire lanes, over the downs in the early morning, into quiet country churches, across village greens and into what the author regards as 'the only possible club for the majority', the village inn. Walking with him we gain a finer appreciation of rural England than on our pleasure-seeking drives and week-ends. We become intimate, too, with the author himself. He tries to keep in the background, but we find a better picture of him than of North Hertfordshire.

The picture of Hertfordshire is, it must be admitted, rather lopsided. In particular the book lacks humour. Since the women's point of view is also missing one wonders whether the two are connected. If for lack of opportunity women could not be properly represented they should have been left out altogether. Perhaps Sir Arnold will take more walks in his constituency and get the women in the kitchens and dairies to talk to him. The results will provide a shorter book than the one under review, for women have not much time for talk, but it will be entertaining and illuminating. We hope he will do it. Could other M.P.s be persuaded to follow Sir Arnold's example? As a man said to him in a village 'club': 'I reckon there's not much a Member of Parliament can do, but he will do it better if he knows his people'.

The First War in the Air. By R. H. Kiernan Peter Davies. 5s.

This book follows hard on Captain A. O. Pollard's *Royal Air Force*, and has much in common with it. It could hardly be otherwise; and, presumably, further books to come on the same subject, treated in the same discursive way, will bear a similar likeness. That is not to say that this one is otherwise than highly interesting and well put together. The author has consulted an imposing array of authorities, historical, official and of general interest, with a catholicity greatly to be admired; and he has woven the results of his research into a sustained narrative of consecutive events, interlarded with anecdote, quotation, neat character summaries, and a very proper appreciation of the brave on both sides. It is not argumentative in the least; which may be a fault to some, and a virtue to others. A virtue to those, for instance, who like to gobble facts, and who do not care to correlate them as they go along; and a fault, possibly, to the other type of reader, who discriminates, does not so easily accept what is put before him, and who, in particular, does not so readily agree that the framer of a policy of war is always in the right. A curious, and rather baffling, insensitiveness peeps out now and again; as when, on page 31, the shooting down of an opponent, before air-fighting became intense, is classified as a sport—'something additional and voluntary in a reconnaissance'.

In spite of the very real readability of this book, there is yet something lacking. It still belongs to the 'goody-goody' category of War-books. It still possesses an unmistakeable touch of 'Mrs. Markham'. The War-book of the air has yet to be written which will finally assess the praise and blame.